

The AMERICAN GIRL

July
1952 · 25¢





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Don't send a single penny! Just your name and address on the coupon in this ad. Actual sample of the exciting, easy-selling "Feature" 21-Card Christmas Assortment shown on this page—PLUS FREE SAMPLES of personal, name-imprinted Christmas Cards—will be mailed to you at once, prepaid, with complete information and money-making plans. Mail the coupon NOW.

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WALLACE BROWN, INC., Dept. N-120, 225 Fifth Ave., New York 10, N. Y.



by MARJORIE VETTER

My Love Is a Gypsy. By NETA LOHNES FRAZIER. Longmans, Green and Company, \$2.50. Did you ever have to refuse the first request for a date from a boy you admire? Or turn down a stunning invitation to spend the summer vacation traveling across the country in a trailer? Linden Bradley had to give up these exciting things to help her young aunt with the berrying, the housework, and her younger brother and sister. Can you blame her for feeling low? Then, when the check her father had sent for the family's expenses while their parents were in South America mysteriously vanished, Linden was in real trouble. But there were fields of berries and an old roadside fruit stand on the property. The spirited Linden began to sell fruit and vegetables while she tried to solve the mystery of the lost check. Moody Aunt Kezzy, who seemed to have something on her mind, and several friends rallied round, especially Skee Lewis who had troubles of his own. Skee called Linden "Gypsy," which pleased and flattered her. Together, the two young people, each nursing a huge disappointment and dreading an unhappy summer, found new horizons which resulted in an unexpectedly happy vacation. Linden, Skee, Aunt Kezzy, Bette, Jot are interesting, pleasant people and their adventures with "the witch" and the fruit stand are fun.

Saralee's Silver Spoon. By MARJORIE HALL. William Sloan Associates, \$2.75. "Saralee Grant is giving up, giving up, giving up." So sang the wheels of the train carrying a girl, who would never be a great artist, back to her small New England home town after a year at art school in the city. Saralee hated the idea of a life of comparative poverty with her grandmother and aunt in a shabby old house in a stuffy small town, where the Grant family had once been top dog. It hurts to give up dreams of greatness, so you can imagine with what pangs she accepted a lowly messenger's job in the only industry the town afforded, the silver factory where her aunt had worked for years. But bit by bit the reluctant Saralee began to find the manufacture of silver flatware a fascinating business. Miss Hall, who is an executive of an advertising agency which handles a silver account, has used her behind-the-scenes knowledge of both advertising and silversmithing to good advantage. Along with Saralee you will find yourself learning a lot of intriguing details about both. By the time Saralee was ready for the exciting job in which she could use

her art training and her flair for design, she had begun to like her town, to understand and love her grandmother and aunt, and to accept her home responsibilities; she had formed a group of congenial friends, recovered from an early crush on one young man and learned to appreciate another who was entirely different. This is a well-constructed and maturely handled, full-length novel about highly individual and satisfying characters in an interesting and authentic background of the manufacture, advertising, and promotion of flat silverware.

Pick of the Litter. Selected by BETTY CAVANNA. The Westminster Press, \$2.50. "Have you ever crouched outside a wire pen looking in at a litter of salmon-tongued, loose-skinned puppies tumbling over one another to be the first to lick your hand? Have you ever tried to choose among them, when you want them all?" That, says Betty Cavanna in the foreword to her collection of heart-warming dog stories, is how difficult it was to choose from the hundreds of fine dog stories she read and reread the fourteen to be included in this book. The choosing may have been difficult, but the selection is excellent. There is great variety—short stories, long stories, old stories, new stories; stories to make you laugh and stories to make you cry. Many of them will be remembered always. It is almost impossible to pick a favorite. Perhaps on one day and in a certain mood, it might be the amusing "Have a Heart, Lady"; on another, the sensitive tale of a boy's struggle to part with his dog's puppies, "Honey and the Home Front," or "The Eight-Dollar Pup" with its subtle and sophisticated humor. Probably each of you will have her own favorite, but most of you will enjoy all of these stories by men and women who love and understand dogs. We are proud that "Good Dog, Forward," by Skulda Baner, which first appeared in THE AMERICAN GIRL, is one of this fine collection—a treat for dog lovers.

Lucky Miss Spaulding. By ELEANOR ARNETT NASH. Julian Messner, \$2.50. Next stop, New York, my city. So thought pretty, carefully groomed Caroline Spaulding as the commuters' train carried her to the city to apply for a job at Kiernan's, one of New York's most famous fashion stores. Luck had a good deal to do with the fact that Miss Spaulding got the job that very day, and it played a part in her rapid rise from messenger to head of stock with her eye on an assistant buyer's job; but her own good sense, intelligence, and eager interest had something to do with it, too. Caroline had dreamed of being a buyer at Kiernan's someday, and becoming even a small part of the life behind the scenes there was thrilling. What with learning her way around in this new world of fashion retailing, running into jealousies and business politics, assisting at a fashion show, meeting models, designers, buyers, Caroline was so absorbed, she had little interest in anything else. Good old Johnny—kind, joking, understanding, reliable Johnny—didn't stand much chance. It took someone new and exciting like the

(Continued on page 53)

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The AMERICAN GIRL

FOR ALL GIRLS—PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY GIRL SCOUTS OF THE U.S.A.

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Cover by PRUETT CARTER

ESTHER R. BIEN,
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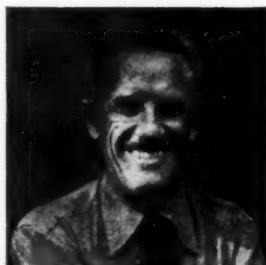
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JULY COVER PAINTING



We are proud to present Pruett Carter's conception of a typical American girl as our July cover. This is the first of a new series of cover paintings by distinguished American artists who have generously agreed to interpret their idea of a typical American girl for the Girl Scout organization. Pruett Carter's imaginative and spirited illustrations have been appearing in national magazines for many years. A native of Missouri, he now lives in North Hollywood, California. His model for this picture is a fourteen-year-old Girl Scout. Because he is such a perfectionist, Pruett Carter sent on two paintings with the instructions: "Take your pick." You can imagine how hard it was to make a choice!

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: \$2.50 for one year, \$4.00 for two years. Foreign and Canadian, \$6.00 extra a year for postage, \$1.20 for two years. Remit by money order for foreign or Canadian subscriptions.

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NUMBER 7

THE AMERICAN GIRL

EASY TO MAKE SPENDING MONEY!

\$60.00

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Fair Enough

by RUTH GILBERT COCHRAN

Illustration by Nina Albright



Elly was floating on a rosy cloud but Butch was jealous

PRETTY Elly Trask liked her morning sleep, especially during vacation in the country when she could indulge in that delightful luxury without a single twinge of conscience. But the battered tin alarm clock now ticking noisily away on her dresser indicated that this particular midsummer morning was going to be an exception to the rule. Elly had purloined the ancient timepiece from the kitchen after Hannah, the Trasks' energetic housekeeper, had retired to her attic bedroom the previous evening. For there was big news in store for Elly today, and nobody—not even the sharp-eyed Hannah—was going to know about it before Elly did!

The clock was set for such an early hour that the six o'clock factory whistles in nearby Willowvale had barely started to blow when the alarm went off, shattering the peaceful echoes with a tremendous din that startled the entire household. Hannah, already on her way downstairs to the

kitchen, was so taken by surprise that she cleared the final four steps in one prodigious leap, landing, fortunately, right side up, but thoroughly shaken.

"Good land of Goshen!" she squealed. "It's a mercy I didn't break my neck. What in the world is that girl up to now?"

Hannah's query was echoed by Mrs. Trask as she opened wondering eyes to see faint pink traces of the sunrise still lingering in the soft Maryland sky. Even Elly, herself, was quite dazed for a moment, and then her brown eyes sparkled as she realized the importance of the early summons.

She jumped up, quickly put on her robe and slippers and went down to the front hall and waited, listening for a certain sound. There it was—a resounding *whack* as the morning paper landed on the porch. Elly opened the door, snatched up the crumpled cylinder of newsprint, and darted back to her room, sure now that she would be the first to see the long-awaited announcement.

Elly and Butch find a taste of Hollywood can be quite a mouthful

WILLOWVALE BELL
Elly Trask Wins
Maxon Contest





Terrified, Elly clutched Claude's arm as one of the chains broke and the boat swung tipsily

Usually, the "Willowvale Bell" contained nothing more exciting than local news and a series of extremely personal "Personals" concerning the social life of the village residents. But not this morning. For there on the front page was an item calculated to set every tongue in the neighborhood wagging. "ELLY TRASK WINS MAXON CONTEST!" said the heading. And below that:

The editor of the "Bell" takes great pleasure in announcing the winner of the Maxon Picture Company's contest. The prize—an acting part in "Fair Enough"—has been awarded to charming sixteen-year-old Elly Trask. From the 253 essays on "Our County Fair" submitted by teen-age girls in this community, the judges selected Elly's as most original and entertaining. Claude

Brent, young America's heart throb of the moment, is starring in the movie, some scenes of which are now being made at the county fair grounds. We feel sure that all our readers will join us in saying "Congratulations, Elly!"

Even after a second reading, Elly's pale and somewhat popeyed reflection in her dresser mirror was a study in disbelief. Then the blissful truth struck home.

"Jingoes, it's actually *true*!" Elly whispered. "I'm going to act in a movie—with Claude Brent!" She brushed back her dark curls and peered intently at her mirrored face. "Of course," she murmured, "I can't really compare with Janie Powell—yet."

She must break the glorious news to her mother. Her bedroom door slammed

behind her as she dashed down the hall, the copy of the "Bell" clasped to her thumping heart. Mrs. Trask, who had sunk again into a comfortable snooze, was not exactly overjoyed when Elly shook her shoulder vigorously.

"Wake up!" she cried. "I've won!"

"Well, my gracious, child . . . is that any reason . . .?" Mrs. Trask sat up, rubbing her shoulder ruefully. But when she read the announcement pointed out by Elly's shaking finger, she forgot her annoyance. "Why, so you did, dear!" She smiled and kissed Elly's flushed cheek warmly, and sent her flying downstairs to inform the peppery Hannah of her wonderful good fortune.

Hannah, enjoying her first solitary cup of coffee at the kitchen table, listened



it's swell, of course. And isn't it lucky he's up here this summer to share all the fun? I'll run over right after breakfast and tell him about it."

There was nothing noticeably enthusiastic about Butch Conover's reaction to the news. He did not say that he disapproved of the project, but his snort at the mention of Claude Brent's name was eloquent.

"I'm allergic," he said, "to paper-knife profiles with nothing behind them."

There was a double reason for that remark. In the first place, Butch had been Elly's faithful swain ever since their families had become neighbors in that quiet section of old Georgetown which was their permanent home. So he was understandably resentful of Elly's interest in this—in Butch's opinion—overrated Hollywood personality. And, secondly, Butch had put many weeks of superdiplomacy into persuading his parents to rent the little guest cottage on the Trask farm for the summer, and he had looked forward to this vacation as the happiest of his young life. It had lived up to his expectations, so far, and he did not relish the idea of having it spoiled by some old picture contest. He said as much to Elly, quite forcibly.

"And, anyway," he concluded, "if this Claude Brent is such a big shot, how come he didn't pick some Hollywood star for his leading lady? I mean—what's he bothering with small-town nobodies for? Don't get sore, angel cake. I think you're every bit as cute and pretty as any of 'em, believe me. But there's a catch in this deal somewhere; you'll see!"

He spoke earnestly, and Elly was amazed to see real concern in his gray eyes. She came out of her rosy cloud long enough to meet him on the same level.

"If I didn't know you so well, you good-natured old goof," she said, "I'd think you were jealous. But that's silly! I want you to be in on the fun, too. Mr. Walker—he's the director—called me up while we were eating breakfast and told me he'd send a car around for me about two o'clock. This afternoon there'll be a sort of rehearsal. I have two *speeches*!" she beamed. "And tomorrow morning they'll shoot the scene I'm in. My scene! Doesn't that sound simply devastating?"

"That's the word for it," Butch agreed.

"Anyway," Elly went on, unheeding, "I asked Mr. Walker if I could bring you along today, and he said certainly I could. So be a good sport and come, will you?" She was teetering on the porch steps, ready for departure, as she spoke; she turned to cast a pleading look at Butch, fluttering her eyelids in what she believed to be true Hollywood style.

Butch was too forthright to be won over by this sudden display of histrionics. "Don't be corny," he grinned, and plopped down lazily on the swinging couch, one outside foot in a deplorably dirty sneaker flung over the couch back.

"Couldn't possibly go," he drawled. "I'd have to change my clothes."

"I'll say you would," Elly concurred meaningfully, taking in Butch's nondescript shirt and muddy dungarees in one swift, withering glance. "How did you get so filthy this early?"

"Digging earthworms," Butch grunted cheerfully. "You and I had a fishing date with the farmer's kids, remember?"

Elly's right hand clapped her brow. "It went out of my mind completely, but completely!" she trilled.

"Hammy, but hammy!" Butch mimicked unfeelingly. "If you want my opinion of your acting ability!"

"I don't," Elly snapped, marching down the walk. "I hope you enjoy your fishing trip," she called back frigidly.

"I intend to," Butch assured her loudly. Then he pulled himself up into a sitting position and waved a grubby hand. "Don't go off mad, honey bun," he shouted. "I'll be out at the fair grounds for the big doings tomorrow." A promise which cheered Elly considerably, for the thought that she might have hurt Butch would have darkened her bright day more than she cared to admit.

It was a day, however, of such novel and engrossing activities that Elly felt as though she had been transported into a different world, where Butch, along with all her other everyday interests, had faded into a nebulous background. After a hectic morning in which she changed her mind so often on the all-important question of what to wear that Hannah declared she was a nervous wreck, Elly and her mother finally set out for the fair grounds in the promised car. Mr. Walker, a chubby little man in sports clothes, with the traditional director's beret draped over one ear, welcomed them effusively to the Maxon lot and introduced them to the various members of the company, including the famous juvenile star. After that Elly moved in a golden bubble of happiness.

Seen without the benefit of camera lighting, the glamorous Claude looked rather more mature than the eighteen-year-old roles he portrayed, but his manner was so natural and unassuming that Elly was soon laughing and talking with him, perfectly at ease. It was Claude who coached her in her two short speeches. And it was Claude who drove the Trasks home and helped them out of his gleaming convertible with a flourish that left a bedazzled Hannah and a scowling Butch staring after him as he drove away.

"Come in, come in, quick!" Hannah urged. "I want to hear about everything!"

And Butch, relinquishing the idea of presenting Elly with the five-pound bass he had caught with such elation, went back to his own cottage unnoticed.

"There's just one consolation," he told his mother bitterly. "Hollywood's gift to the ladies can't stay around here very much longer." (Continued on page 32)

without any visible sign of emotion while Elly read the fateful paragraph aloud. She thought Hannah was carrying her New England reticence a little too far when she finished the steaming beverage without a word.

"My goodness, Hannah," she protested, "do you realize what this *means*?"

Hannah nodded briefly. "And I'm glad for you," she said. "I just hope it won't turn your head completely, that's all."

But her shrewd blue eyes were beaming. Hannah, too, was an ardent admirer of the handsome Claude, and even her sensible middle-aged head whirled a bit at the idea of Elly's sharing a film with him. "It's bound to take up a lot of your time, though," Hannah added. "How's Butch going to like that?"

"Butch?" Elly repeated. "He'll think

MY CRAZY KID BROTHER

by CHARLOTTE BARCOCK

When your kid brother ceases to be a pest,
has he grown up or have you?

Illustrated by Richard Bauer

I STOOD in the center of our kitchen clutching a partly wiped plate and doing my best to blink back the tears. I just couldn't believe my ears. Even before Chuck and I had entered junior high, Mom had begun to drill the idea of college into our heads. Now that the time was almost upon us, here she was saying, "Your father and I have figured and schemed until our heads ache, Jean, and we can't see any way to raise the funds to send you to State this fall."

"But—but," I stammered, disappointment surging over me in such waves that I could hardly speak. I put the plate on the cupboard shelf, swallowed hard, and blurted out, "I thought if I took Chuck's place and helped Dad fix fence and pump water in the upper pasture so he wouldn't have to hire a man, we could manage."

"I know, Jean," Mom said. "I know how you feel. I think it is even more of a blow to me." She rinsed out the dishpan and put it under the sink. "But you're only seventeen," she added. "A few months can't make so much difference. Perhaps you could take a few subjects by correspondence and earn credits here at home. Then you wouldn't be so far behind when you enter for the second semester."

"Maybe," I said, fighting to control my voice.

I hung up the dish towel on the rod back of the range and went up to my room to think of a way out. It wouldn't have hurt quite so much if Chuck had knuckled down and done his share of the ranch work. If he had pitched in and helped Dad as a fifteen-year-old boy should, I could have worked in town to earn part of my tuition. But no, he was devoting all his time to that hateful hobby of his, spending time and money chasing all over the country, while I rode over the hot prairie hunting stray calves or worked the pump handle in the upper

pasture until my arms begged for mercy.

I was really sorry for Dad. I knew that three months of dry weather and a forty per cent drop in the price of feeders would worry any stockman. I love the old ranch and would sooner have had Dad sign up with the Rain Makers' Association and at least try to get some moisture for his money, than to see Mom hand out every dollar she could spare for Chuck's crazy hobby.

Even as a toddler, Chuck had a one-track brain. If a thing interests him at all, he gives it all he has. Last spring he sold his prize steer and put every cent it brought into bees—of all things for a ranch! He sent to some big apiary in the South for them. Pure-breds, he called them. Pure imps of Satan is what they seemed to me.

He joined the Honey Producers' Association, subscribed for a bee journal, and was trying to get into the honey-producing business. But why? The whole sticky mess wouldn't bring as much in the fall as one good steer. Ridiculous!

From the window of my room I could see him now working with those pests. Every few minutes he went to a hive and took out a frame just covered with bees. He held it up and looked at it and talked. I could hear the murmur of his voice and see his lips moving, but I couldn't catch a word he was saying. I thought he was a little daft. Anyone who would talk to those nasty insects needed the help of a psychiatrist. He made three trips back to the granary lugging heavy sacks full of honey. The granary was where he extracted and packaged his honey. He already had enough of the sticky stuff to drown in. What a waste of time, I thought, fooling with those stupid bees and leaving the real work of the ranch for Dad and me to do. I was just turning away from the window in disgust when I caught sight of our mail carrier coming over the hill.

I ran downstairs, calling to Mom, "I'll get the mail."

There was nothing in the mailbox except the weekly paper from Centerville. I opened it, searching the classified ads as I walked slowly toward the house. If I could get a job, I would take it, and my parents would have to make that crazy kid help with the work of the ranch.

I was so interested in the ads that I forgot everything else. "Girl wanted—" Gee whiz! I was jerked back to the present by the stab of a needle just below my right ear. Instinctively I started to run for the house, waving the paper with every leap. Within a dozen feet of the gate, I saw a cloud of bees, milling around about head-high.

"Don't lose your head and run if one bee should sting you," Chuck had told me many times. "If you get them excited, they'll all take after you."

But instinct, not memory, was on the job right then. I ran, not back down the road; oh, no, I didn't have brains enough for that. My only thought was to get into the house, avoiding the front gate.

Our house has a side door opening into a small hall on ground level. Although there is no yard gate on that side of the house, I headed for this door. I vaulted the three-foot fence like a trained athlete. A split second later I slammed the door behind me, breathing a prayer of relief that I had outrun those fiendish insects. But the door wasn't the only thing behind me. As I bounced up the steps, yelling for Mom, a needle jabbed me in that part of my anatomy easiest to spank. Ouch! There was a bee inside my step-ins. I jerked that intimate garment on so fast I broke the elastic. As I did so, I liberated a dozen bees that had been trapped in my skirt when I went over the fence.

Two more needles jabbed into the right side of my face. I ran for the dining room,



pawing the air like a bronco on his hind feet, but there were more bees in my clothes. One was crawling under the front of my slip. I jerked off my blouse and broke the straps of my slip, but not before one of those imps of Satan had nipped me again. I was screaming, "If you let that crazy kid keep those fiends on this farm, I'll—"

I made for Mom's bed, jumped in and jerked the covers up over my head. Mom brought a box of salve that was supposed to draw the poison from insect bites. While she heated the swollen places, I rubbed on the salve.

Out in the kitchen I could hear Chuck talking to his pests. He was actually catching them in his bare hands and letting them loose out of doors so that they could go back to work.

"It was all your own fault," he called. "You acted like a loon. I've told you never to run if one bee happens to sting you. Those weren't the workers that you waved the paper at as you ran. Now, next time—"

"There isn't going to be any next time," I yelled. "Either those bees leave this farm or I do."

Now all my disappointment and suffering were directed against Chuck. He could ride his foolish hobby, wheedle money from Mom to go gallivanting all over the country at night, shirk all the ranch chores, and then stand out there blaming me because his miserable bees had done their best to kill me.

We washed, steamed, and rubbed those swollen places until the first pain was over. Then Mom brought in the paper I had dropped when I jumped the fence, and I found the ad I had been reading when the bees began their dirty work.

Girl wanted. High Sch. Grad. for general office work. Apply in person after 5 P.M. week days. Dr. Toffers, 415 Medical Building.

I had been helping Dad so he wouldn't have to hire a man

Dr. Toffers was the dentist who had made Mom's dentures last spring. If anything could console me for losing out on college, it would be a job in his office.

"I'll go right down and see him," I told Mom when she came into the bedroom with a plate of milk toast for my supper. She gave me a queer look but didn't say anything.

After Dad was through with his supper, he came in and sat on the edge of my bed.

"You sure have had a bad time, Jeanie," he said patting my shoulder. But the tiny laugh wrinkles around his eyes made me cross.

"You wouldn't think it so cute if they took after you sometime," I told him. "If I can land a job, you'll have to make Chuck quit this fooling and help you. May I borrow the car tomorrow?" I showed him Dr. Toffers' advertisement. "That would be the next best thing if I can't go to college."

"Sure, sure, take the car. I'll have

Chuck help me cut out a few feeders. I stretched my credit today to buy oil cake at eighty-six dollars a ton. We should have twenty tons so you can figure for yourself that some of the feeders must go before they're too thin to pay their own freight to the stockyard." His face had a gray, beaten look when he talked about the cattle.

"If the price would just balloon back to where it was last spring, this first bunch would pay the bank and send you to college with bells on," he added.

I put my hand over his. "Don't worry, Dad. I'll get a job and work my way this first semester."

When bedtime came I wrapped a kimono around me and started up to my room. One glance in Mom's mirror sent me into hysterics. My face was all out of balance. Five stings on the right side and none on the left made me look like a comic valentine. I couldn't even go to town tomorrow, let alone hunt for a job. I laughed and (Continued on page 50)

Royal Romance

by MARGARETTA BURR WELLS

The delightful story of the
lovely girl who is now
Thailand's teen-age Queen



ONE DAY in the city of Bangkok, the capital of Siam (Thailand), a little group of girls played a lively game of hopscotch. Nearby an elderly lady watched them carefully for a long time; then suddenly she beckoned to one of the girls. Slowly the child approached until she stood before her.

"Let me see your hand, little one," the woman said.

Shyly, round-eyed with wonder, the little girl held out her right hand. For some moments the old woman studied the small pink palm without speaking. Then she folded her own hands together and raised them toward her forehead in a sign of deferential courtesy.

"One day you will be a queen," she said respectfully. Undoubtedly the child looked at her in disbelief. A Queen? How could something so fabulous happen to

her? It was the last thing she or anyone else thought could come true.

Yet, that is exactly what happened to the little Siamese girl, Mom Rajawongs Ying Sirikit.

Sirikit (pronounced See-ree-kit) spent her early childhood in Bangkok. She was taught to make fragrant flower designs of frangipani and bougainvillea, and to dance the slow and incredibly beautiful ballets from the Ramayana, the Thai literary epic. Her father, Prince Nakkhat, was in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, and he and his wife and two daughters lived in a modest villa in Bangkok. After World War II, however, Prince Nakkhat became his country's ambassador to Great Britain, so Sirikit moved with her family to London.

Life began to spin faster and faster for Sirikit and her younger sister. The

good manners that all Siamese children learn made them able assistants to their mother in the extensive entertaining she now had to do. When Siamese countrymen in London got together, as they often did, the girls could whip up a curry fit for a king. They visited art galleries, toured historic castles, worked hard at their music.

They learned to "mix and match" their tweeds and sweaters, and to design the supple Siamese silks into dance frocks as well as into their national costume of fold-over skirt and smart little blouse. The girls went off to the pension at Rianteville in Lausanne, Switzerland, to complete their studies, flying back to London for their vacations. In what seemed to be a very short time, Sirikit had grown from a Siamese schoolgirl in uniform into a poised teen-ager with a flair for modern music.

It was through music that Sirikit first met Phumiphon Aduladet, the present King of Siam, who is known as Rama IX because he is the ninth monarch of the Chakri Dynasty of Siam.

Phumiphon (pronounced Poo-me-pon) is the only monarch reigning today who was born in the United States. At the time of Phumiphon's birth, his family was living in Cambridge, Massachusetts, where his father was attending Harvard medical school. Few people in Cambridge knew that this young medical student was the crown prince of Siam, who would succeed his half-brother Prachadipok, then king, to the throne of Siam. No one dreamed, either, that Phumiphon, who played in the park with his older brother Ananda and their sister Kalyani, would someday be "Lord of Life" to eighteen million people. Perhaps, just as Sirikit never seriously thought she would be a queen, so Phumiphon never believed he would become a king. According to the usual rules of succession his older brother, Ananda, would be heir to the Siamese throne. But dur- (Continued on page 52)

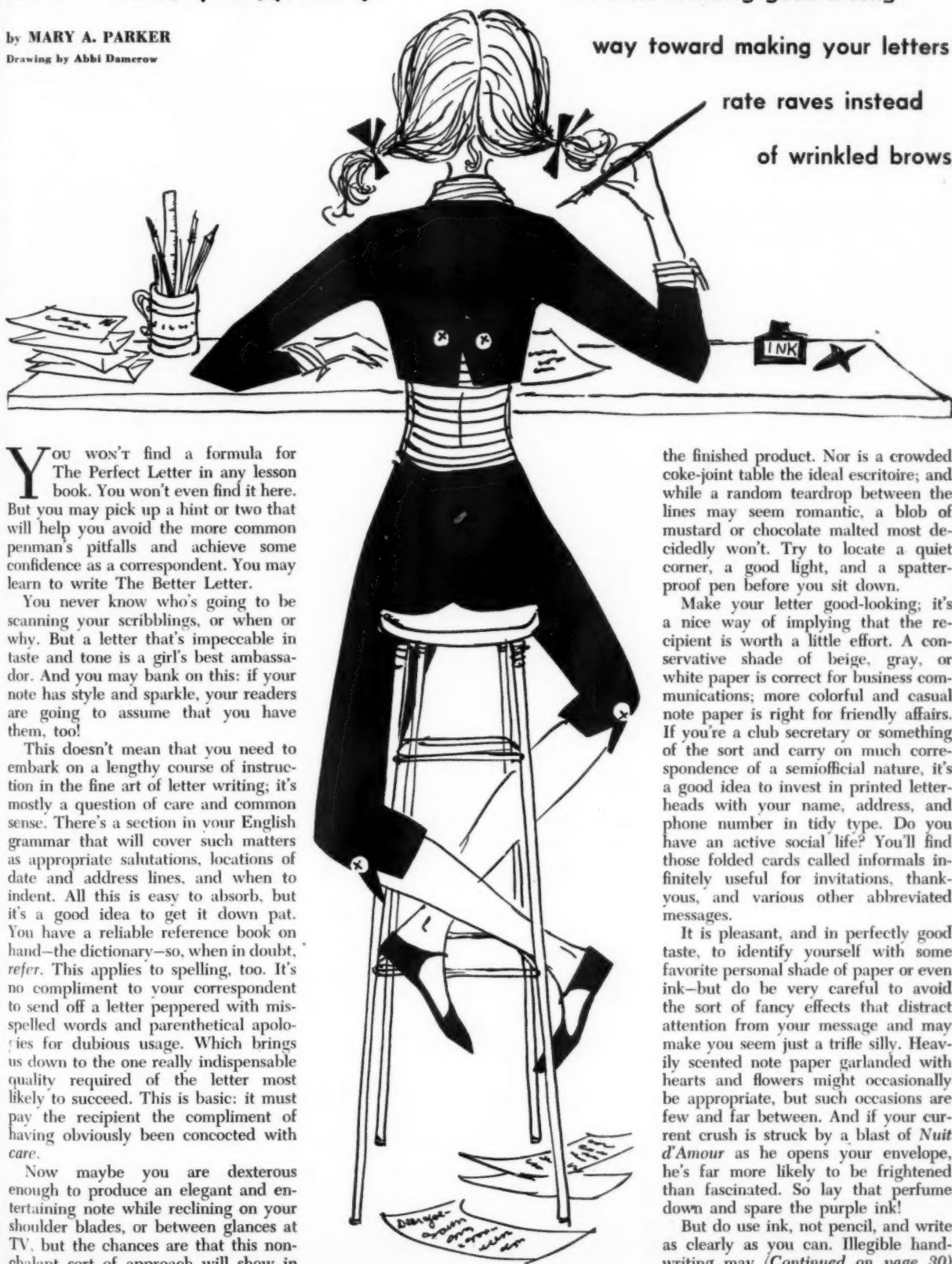
LETTER PERFECT

by MARY A. PARKER

Drawing by Abbi Damerow

A little learning goes a long
way toward making your letters

rate raves instead
of wrinkled brows



You won't find a formula for The Perfect Letter in any lesson book. You won't even find it here. But you may pick up a hint or two that will help you avoid the more common penman's pitfalls and achieve some confidence as a correspondent. You may learn to write The Better Letter.

You never know who's going to be scanning your scribbles, or when or why. But a letter that's impeccable in taste and tone is a girl's best ambassador. And you may bank on this: if your note has style and sparkle, your readers are going to assume that you have them, too!

This doesn't mean that you need to embark on a lengthy course of instruction in the fine art of letter writing; it's mostly a question of care and common sense. There's a section in your English grammar that will cover such matters as appropriate salutations, locations of date and address lines, and when to indent. All this is easy to absorb, but it's a good idea to get it down pat. You have a reliable reference book on hand—the dictionary—so, when in doubt, refer. This applies to spelling, too. It's no compliment to your correspondent to send off a letter peppered with misspelled words and parenthetical apologies for dubious usage. Which brings us down to the one really indispensable quality required of the letter most likely to succeed. This is basic: it must pay the recipient the compliment of having obviously been concocted with care.

Now maybe you are dexterous enough to produce an elegant and entertaining note while reclining on your shoulder blades, or between glances at TV, but the chances are that this nonchalant sort of approach will show in

the finished product. Nor is a crowded coke-joint table the ideal *escritoire*; and while a random teardrop between the lines may seem romantic, a blob of mustard or chocolate malted most decidedly won't. Try to locate a quiet corner, a good light, and a spatter-proof pen before you sit down.

Make your letter good-looking; it's a nice way of implying that the recipient is worth a little effort. A conservative shade of beige, gray, or white paper is correct for business communications; more colorful and casual note paper is right for friendly affairs. If you're a club secretary or something of the sort and carry on much correspondence of a semi-official nature, it's a good idea to invest in printed letterheads with your name, address, and phone number in tidy type. Do you have an active social life? You'll find those folded cards called *informals* infinitely useful for invitations, thank-yous, and various other abbreviated messages.

It is pleasant, and in perfectly good taste, to identify yourself with some favorite personal shade of paper or even ink—but do be very careful to avoid the sort of fancy effects that distract attention from your message and may make you seem just a trifle silly. Heavily scented note paper garlanded with hearts and flowers might occasionally be appropriate, but such occasions are few and far between. And if your current crush is struck by a blast of *Nuit d'Amour* as he opens your envelope, he's far more likely to be frightened than fascinated. So lay that perfume down and spare the purple ink!

But do use ink, not pencil, and write as clearly as you can. Illegible handwriting may (Continued on page 30)

THE WIND BLOWS FREE

THE STORY SO FAR

The wind seemed always to blow, wild and free, across the vast, flat, treeless stretches of the Texas Panhandle. It seemed at once to frighten and to beckon to Melinda Pierce who hadn't wanted to leave her home, her friends, all she held dear in Lewisville, East Texas, to live in a cramped, sod house twenty miles from the nearest neighbor in the Panhandle district of West Texas. She was sustained only by the promise that she could go back to Lewisville in a year and a half, when she would be sixteen, to attend the Academy with her friends. On the Panhandle, there was little wood or water and people depended on their own resources for school, church, books, and music. Melinda yearned for friends, but there was only vague, dreamy Dennis Kennedy, whose interest in her was problematical, and untidy, barefoot Annie Foster.

PART III

ANNIE got up, still without speaking, and laid the baby on the bed. "C'mon," she said briefly to Melinda and Katie, and led the way out of the dugout.

"You all can bring me back a basket of chips," Mrs. Foster called after them.

Around the corner of the dugout a little girl was making mud pies. Katie joined her, while Melinda and Annie walked on.

"How old are you?" Melinda asked presently.

"Fourteen."

"I'm fourteen, too. Nearly fifteen," she added.

They walked on in silence. Then Annie set down the basket and the girls began to pick up chips.

"Do you like to read?" Melinda asked politely. Maybe they could read together for a while this afternoon.

Annie's face flushed crimson. "Can't—" she began.

"You mean—?" Melinda was incredulous.

"Ain't never been to school," Annie finished humbly, as if begging Melinda

to understand. "Ain't got no books, neither."

Melinda tried to absorb this. Fourteen years old and unable to read!

"There's somebody out here that does like to read, though," Annie said. "Dennis Kennedy over at the ranch."

"Yes, he told me."

"Ain't he nice?" Annie asked. "So smart and polite."

"Yes," Melinda agreed, "he's awfully nice."

"I jest can't believe it's like they say," Annie went on.

Melinda looked at her uncertainly. "What do you mean?"

"About Dennis," Annie told her reluctantly. "They say he won't never amount to anything. They think he's got things too easy. He don't have to do nothing he don't want to do. Pa says that's the ruination of any kid. The cowboys say so too. His pa and ma died and left him plenty of money, but he's got to stay out here with his uncle till he's eighteen, because Mr. Kennedy is his legal guardian. So here he is. He can ride as good as any of 'em, almost, and he can work cattle, too. But if he wants to set in the house and read a book all day, that's what he does."

Melinda could see why the cowboys wouldn't like that, why nobody in the Panhandle would like such conduct. Even in the short time she had been here, she had come to realize that work was the law of the land. One did it to survive.

"But I don't believe 'em," Annie was making up for her initial silence. "I betcha he turns out to be something mighty fine. Trouble here is," she finished, with an adult wisdom that surprised Melinda, "they all think there ain't no good in anybody that don't spend all his time a-chasin' a cow. They think ranching is the only job there is."

"We're no ranchers," Melinda said.

"Papa is a farmer."

"He's a nester," Annie corrected her.

"That's what we are. That's what they call us out here. They don't like us any too good, either. They say we plow up the grass the cattle could eat."

Dinner was ready when they got back to the dugout. The table was set with a greasy, dark oilcloth and a strange assortment of cracked and unmatched dishes. The food consisted of biscuits, beans, and molasses. Mindful of Mama's watchful eye, the Pierces helped themselves to everything offered, but Melinda found it difficult to choke down the food. Finally, the dreadful meal was over.

"You girls go out and play," said Mrs. Foster.

Annie went over to one side of the dugout and picked up a small wooden box. "My paper dolls," she explained to Melinda. Fourteen is too old for paper dolls. Melinda thought, as she followed Annie out of the dugout.

"The wagon's a good place," Annie suggested, and they climbed up into the wagon bed. Annie opened the box and spread its contents on the wagon floor. They were indeed paper dolls, but unlike any Melinda had ever seen. Cut from newspapers, they were light and airy, like dancing snowflakes, like flowers blowing in the wind. Some were single figures, but most of them were cut in groups so they seemed to be holding hands. Some were not dolls at all but designs, intricate and lovely.

Melinda was conscious of Annie's anxious eyes upon her.

"You like 'em?" Annie asked shyly.

"Annie, they're lovely!" Melinda exclaimed, as she fingered the delicate designs. "I wish you'd show me how to make them."

Transformed, and with eyes shining, Annie said, "I'll git Ma's scissors. I'll git 'em right away. And a piece of newspaper I've been saving, because Pa told me you'd be sure to come someday."

Suddenly Annie did not look stupid or dirty or repulsive to Melinda. Why, Annie was her friend!

For the first time since she had known they were lost, Melinda felt real terror

For days, the twins had been wondering how they could celebrate the Fourth of July without firecrackers or anything else. They were in despair about the whole thing, when Papa came in to report he had seen Mr. Kennedy, who had given him an invitation from Mrs. Kennedy to come to a picnic at the breaks on the Fourth, to pick wild plums.

The boys were wild with delight, and Mama was elated at the idea of seeing Mrs. Kennedy again and at the thought of fruit for canning. "We'll make a day of it," she said.

"We'll have to take two days for the trip," Papa told her. "The plums grow beyond the ranch headquarters, close to the creek."

"Golly!" yelled the twins together. "There'll be water," Dick said.

"We'll go swimming and everything," Bert added.

They decided to turn the calf in with the cow and leave plenty of feed and water in the shed with them. The chickens would be shut up in the henhouse, out of reach of coyotes. They discussed food and bedding and extra clothes, as well as baskets and tubs in which to bring back the plums.

"We'll see Nick and Herman," Dick said, while Bert followed with, "And Dennis, too."

Melinda had already thought of that. Dennis was sixteen and would think the twins too young to be much fun, but here they were calmly assuming he would play with them. She was the one nearest Dennis in age. If the twins didn't act silly and tease her so much, she and Dennis could have enjoyed talking together. Brothers were a great trial at times. She supposed she might as well resign herself merely to saying (Continued on page 36)

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Let's Take a Picture

Photography can be all fun with

few failures if you follow these simple rules

for snapping good pictures



When you're picturing your pets, keep the camera at the pet's eye level or lower if you want results as appealing as this one

IF YOU'VE a hankering for a hobby, photography might be just the thing to fill your leisure hours. Well, then, how do you, the girl behind the camera, begin? First, study the instructions that come with your camera, which will give you general directions for camera care and an explanation of the mechanical workings. Once you've learned these essentials you're ready to decide the big question: What use are you going to make of your camera?

Good photographers are good not only because they have mastered the technicalities of photography but also because they use their cameras with a purpose. Some produce picture stories of the kind you see in magazines. Others display their work in exhibitions and galleries; still others, like scientists and teachers, use their cameras to explore, to educate. So give your camera a purpose, too. Here are just a few possibilities.

You can take it to camp and in pictures tell the story of camp life. You can compile a picture gallery of your friends; become family historian by keeping a snapshot record of your family. You can "picture" your town or make a delightful portfolio of your pets. With this sort of general plan you won't have to hunt for something to picture; subjects suggest themselves, come ready-made. And you will have a definite use for your pictures once they're taken—no wondering "Why did I take *that* one?"

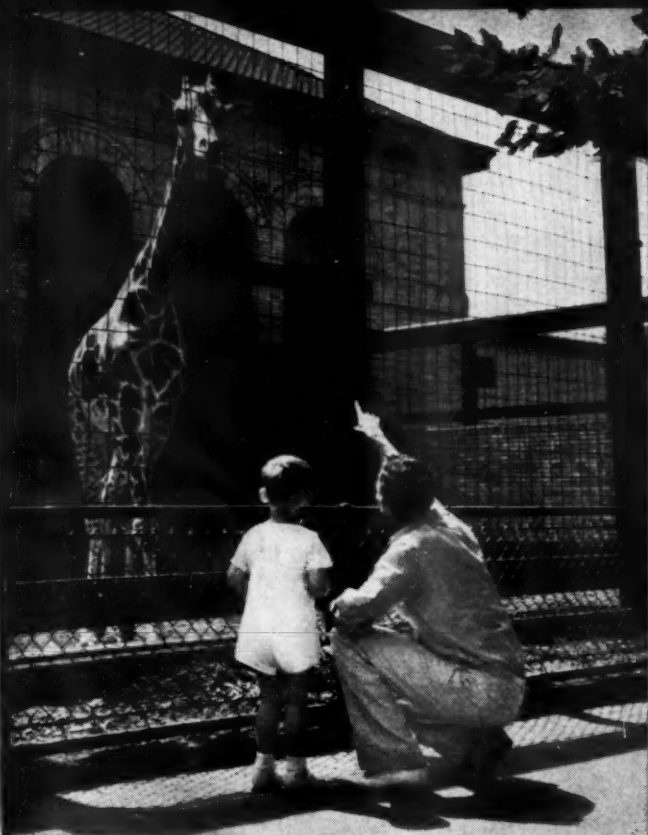
Your very next step is thinking about exactly what you want to say with your camera. Ask yourself, "What am I going to show in my pictures?" You will get the answer by telling yourself a story. For example, let's assume you're going to camp. Here is a little story you might tell yourself about going to camp.

"The first thing I saw on arriving at camp was a big sign reading 'Camp Willow' (picture!). Down in the camp I saw my cabin with all my bunkies sitting on the steps (picture!). Patty Hall was my special chum. She loved to weave baskets (picture!). Swimming hour in our beautiful lake was loads of fun (picture!)." From this you can see that each individual picture tells its own story in addition to contributing to the general over-all story. So instead of lining up your friends, asking them to look at the camera and "Smile, please," try to snap them in natural poses, doing the things they ordinarily do. For instance, take a picture of Dad working in his flower garden; brother Bill tinkering with his car; Mother sitting on the back porch knitting. Your pictures will have a natural look and infinite variety because your subjects won't all be posed in the same manner or shown doing the same things.

Not until this moment, with all your planning and thinking done, are you ready to take camera in hand. Now for some technical points to consider before you actually snap the shutter release.

Background: Choose something simple so your subject will stand out clearly. Moving objects in the background (a passing car, laundry flapping in the breeze) can ruin your shot, so watch for these things, too.

Distance: You get additional variety in your pictures by taking them from different distances. Try snapping some from far away, some from a middle distance such as ten or twelve feet, and do make a lot of close-ups from a distance of six feet or less. (Continued on page 48)



Here is a fine storytelling picture. The secret of success is to plan what you want your picture to say before taking the shot



Above: An excellent choice of background contributes much to the appealing quality of this shot. Remember that backgrounds are just as important in your pictures as the subjects

Right: Look for interesting viewpoints from which to take your picture. A low viewpoint like this one is so much more effective and unusual than an ordinary eye-level one would be



Children make charming subjects, so snap them at their best—in their natural positions, not stiffly posed. Work quickly, for youngsters tire easily



Curving lines lend grace and beauty to any general scene. Don't overlook the picture possibilities in cloud formations, shadows, a single tree. Make simplicity your keynote when picturing landscapes





Dance

Top Poetry Award

*Is it wrong to dance?
I don't believe it.
Wrong to sway with the song of the rain?
Wrong to bend with the wind?
To dance beneath the moon with wild
ecstasy?
To whirl with the rhythm of the tom-tom?
To dance the flight of a white moth, the
light of a
Flame?
To dance, and feel the earth beneath my
feet, the
Sky above my head?
Is it wrong to twist and leap until the
blood
Pounds through my head, and my body
feels strong
And alive?
Until my soul feels ready to burst with
dance?
I can't believe it!*

ROBIN VAN LOBEN SELS (age 13)
El Monte, California

Morning in the High Sierra

First Nonfiction Award

The first morning pink stains the soft blue of the sky and the air is sharp and clean. A bird's clear trill pierces the cloak of stillness like an arrow. The tips of the tall firs shine bright green as they receive the first sunlight, and their reflection is shown clearly in the cold placid water of the lake.

As you walk slowly through the meadow, you stop to examine the blades of grass, each one stalwartly holding its precious burden, a tiny dewdrop.

You climb to the top of a small rise and seat yourself on the uncomfortable coldness of a flat rock. You shiver as you raise your eyes to the proud magnificent mountains that

Here is your own department in the magazine. Watch for the announcements each month and send us your best original short stories, poems, nonfiction, photographs, and drawings. See page 56 for details

surround you, so unbelievably rugged and rocky, pointing their strong brave spires defiantly into the deep blue sky.

You hear a loud smacking splash and you turn quickly to see ripples widening into large rings, distorting the glorious picture painted there a moment before. There is another splash, and this time you see a flash of brilliant scarlet twist above the water for a split second before disappearing into the icy blue-green depths. The lake is now covered with widening rings and then, it is calm again. Just as the sun begins to creep shyly over the water, a little breeze sweeps across

meadow and up the steep mountainside in a few seconds. You watch and listen until he is out of sight and you can no longer hear the sound of his dainty hooves on the rocky ground.

The sun has reached you now and you can feel its friendly warmth touch your face. There's a sassy little chipmunk blinking his beady eyes at you from a safe distance. You find a forgotten peanut in your pocket and throw it to him. He picks it up between his paws and nibbles on it, watching you carefully all the while. When he is finished, he flashes his little tail up in a quick thank-you



FIRST ART AWARD:

ROBIN HERBERT (age 14) Meriden, Connecticut

the lake, making a million tiny diamonds of light dance and sparkle on the ripples.

Something tells you to turn toward the meadow, and you catch your breath in amazed delight as a splendid stag with huge antlers steps cautiously out from the dark shadowed forest and moves stately for a few paces into the sunlight. He stands motionless for a long moment then, apparently satisfied there is no danger, begins to graze on the lush green grass. The breeze comes up again, and the stag's wonderful head lifts with a jerk. He gazes straight at you. You are not moving a muscle, but the breeze has brought your scent to him. He stands proudly poised for an instant, and then, as if his legs were springs, he breaks into a series of graceful effortless leaps which carry him out of the

and scurries away to be about his morning's business.

You feel wonderfully happy and free. You want to sing at the top of your voice, leap up the mountainside like the stag, or run plunging into the cold water of the lake to swim like a fish. Your heart and mind are overflowing with the wild beauty and splendor of the scenes just witnessed.

Suddenly, a human voice is heard calling, "Hurry up with the firewood! What's keeping you? We're starving!" You are brought back to earth with a jolt, and you hurriedly start looking for suitable pieces of wood. Still, the wonderful feeling is not completely lost, and a while later, with an armload of wood in your arms, you stand looking up toward the mountains, reliving the wondrous awe-inspiring spectacle. Then, turning, you walk slowly back to camp.

MARILYN ROBINSON (age 15)
Garden Grove, California

The Acrobat

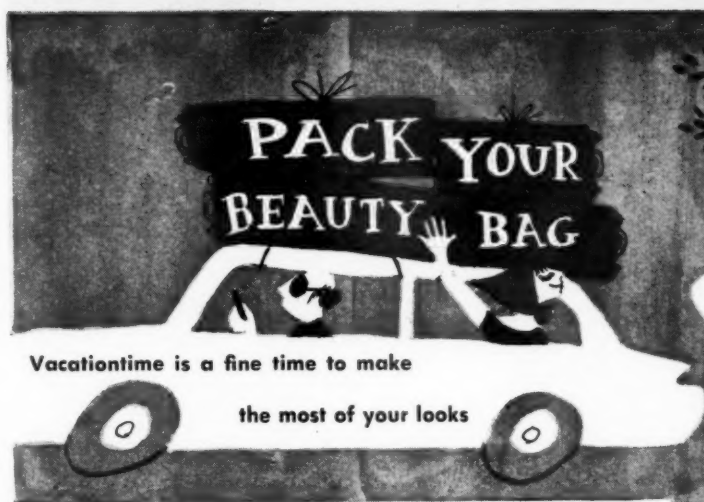
First Fiction Award

Kim wiped the beads of perspiration from her face and glanced over at Lucretia, who was doing a split. Kim looked away. It would never do for Lucretia to see Kim envy her. Lucretia could do anything—cartwheels, back-overs, round-offs, and Kim couldn't. Her right arm
(Continued on page 54)



ART AWARD:

SABRA SEGAL (age 14)
Brookline, Massachusetts



by FAY ALCOTT

Drawing by Gioia Flamengi

MOUNTAINS, seashore, camp—wherever you go vacationing—this is your holiday: time at last for fun and rest; time to do as you please. But not the time to relax those good-grooming habits you've been building through the year. So pack up your beauty needs in your kit bag. Here are the essentials to take wherever you go:

Suntan Oil: Summertime means more prolonged exposure to the sun and the possibility of burning to a dangerous, blistering red instead of a pretty golden hue. Don't let it happen! A bad case of sunburn can not only ruin your vacation but also make you very ill. Use a protective sun oil generously if you are going to spend some time in the sun, especially if you are wearing a playsuit or swimming suit.

Soothing Cream: Any cooling cream will do. No need to buy an expensive product, though one of these will smell more elegant. Your drugstore will have a variety of soothing creams. Zinc oxide, for instance, is much used by ocean lifeguards. Use the cream after your shower and at night, if your skin is reddened and tingles with the heat.

Depilatory: Some type of hair remover is a "must" during these days when you'll be wearing cool, casual costumes, with the emphasis on play clothes. Your role is to look like a clean-limbed Diana, not a junior hairy ape. Legs and underarms must be smooth as a baby's at all times. If this is your first bout with hair removers, be warned that your skin must be absolutely clean before you start, whether you use a cream depilatory or abrasive stone. If your hair growth is slight on your legs but still dark in tone, try using a little peroxide to bleach it rather than actually removing it.

Deodorant: You may think this unnecessary during vacation days. "All that fresh air blowing around, all that swimming and showering in hot weather," you say. "Goodness, that should be enough." You couldn't be more wrong. The bright summer sun stimulates the sweat glands to what can be an unpleasant degree. A deodorant is most definitely required. It's good for your whole system to perspire in warm weather but guard against offending your friends.

Boric Acid: Even if you wear dark glasses, wind and sun can cause eye fatigue. It's a good idea to wash out your eyes occasionally with a solution of boric acid and water. (On the package or tin you'll find directions for making the solution and for its use.)

Medical Aids: Your first-aid kit is a fine traveling companion and should have, beside the usual equipment, a small bottle of antiseptic for such things as minor cuts, and some sterile vaseline to prevent blistering caused by flying sparks and dripping sauces if your vacation plans include much outdoor cooking.

The Old Reliables: Tissues, cleansing cream, toothpaste and brush, lipstick, powder, scent, soap, (Continued on page 34)





3



2



THESE MADE HISTORY

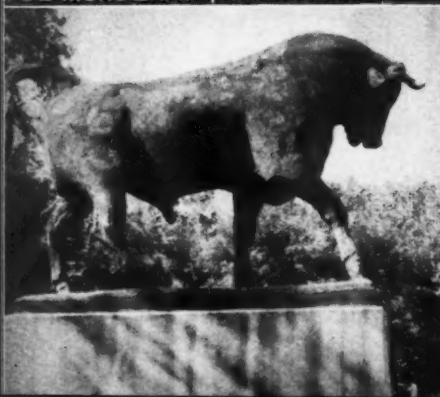
by CATHERINE CATE COBLENTZ



4



5



EVERYONE knows of many famous monuments, memorial buildings, and statues that have been erected to honor the great leaders of our country. But did you know that animals, too, have made history? Have you ever seen any of the statues or memorial tablets featuring animals? Here are a few that you might look for if you have a chance to travel sometime through various parts of this country and Canada. You may know of others. There may even be one in your own community.

1. Camels

In Quartzsite, Arizona, is a statue of a camel atop a pyramid which honors a certain camel caravan and the most famous of its camel drivers, Hadji Ali. This was the caravan that trekked across the Arizona desert during the last century under Army command. The Government had thought these beasts of burden might be well fitted for use in the desert country, but the rough and rocky terrain made them footsore. So the attempt to introduce the camel into this country failed. The driver's American nickname was Hi Jolly, and that's the way his name is carved on the pyramid! The camel herd was scattered, and it is said that years afterward some were occasionally glimpsed in the desert.

2. A Red Rooster

You have probably heard of Rhode Island Reds, perhaps seen them in farmyards. This famous breed of fowl was not so named by accident. Its color was developed by the people of that State through crossbreeding several varieties. A tablet, with a Rhode Island Red rooster in bas relief, has been set up at Little Compton, Rhode Island, to honor the breed. Probably its ancestors were Asiatic fowl—the Red Malays, Red Cochin Chinas, and Red Chittagongs—brought from the Orient by the New England sailing captains.

3. Sea Gulls

At Salt Lake City, Utah, there is a monument to the sea gulls which came providentially out of the western skies and ate up a horde of grasshoppers which were destroying the Mormons' crops.

4. Morgan Horse

The Morgan is one of the most famous breeds of horses developed in the United States. The founding stallion, Justin Morgan, was so named for his owner, a New England schoolteacher. Morgan horses used to be famed as trotters, but today they are bred mostly for use under the saddle. They are noted for (Continued on page 51)



SUMMER DRINKS

by JUDITH MILLER

A REFRESHING drink, whisked up in a wink, can lift a girl's hostess rating several notches. We are sure you will want to add to your special file some of these recipes, which other readers have found to be rave-raters.

Ice, of course, is the basic ingredient in most summer drinks, so try to have a good supply on hand always. Fruit juices, canned, bottled, or frozen; lemons, oranges, limes; carbonated water, soda pop, and colas—all can be used in delicious combinations. For heartier drinks, there are milk, egg, and ice-cream concoctions.

It takes time and stirring to dissolve sugar in cold liquids. So for sweetening drinks, use a sugar syrup which you can make by combining equal quantities of sugar and water and boiling five minutes. Cool, and store in a covered jar in the refrigerator.

With school and holiday parties in the offing, October seems a good month for Party Dessert recipes. Most of us have a gala-occasion dessert of which we are particularly fond. Try yours out again (don't wait for a party—give the family a treat!) write it down carefully, and send it to us. We pay \$1.00 for each recipe printed in the magazine. See page 30 for details.

APRICOT AMBROSIA

A shimmering, amber-colored punch that is fine for a crowd, because it is so inexpensive.

1/2 pound dried apricots **1 cup bottled apple juice**
3/4 cup honey
1 cup lemon juice **2 bottles carbonated water (7 cups)**
1 cup orange juice

Cook apricots as directed on package until tender. Press through a sieve. Add honey and juices and blend well. Chill. Just before serving, pour over ice in punch bowl and add carbonated water. If desired, garnish with orange and lemon slices. Makes about 25 punch-cup servings.

Sent by JACQUIE DEBARD, Arlington, Texas

GRAPE RICKEY

Thirst-quenching and pretty, this is a beverage you will want to serve often. Use more or less sugar, to suit your own idea of how sweet is sweet.

4 cups grape juice **2 tablespoons powdered sugar**
6 tablespoons lime juice **3 1/2 cups chilled, carbonated water**

Combine juices and sugar and mix thor-

oughly. Add carbonated water and pour over chopped ice. Serve at once. Serves 8.

Sent by TOMMIE LINN ROBINSON, DeQuincy, Louisiana

LOGANBERRY MARFLIP

This is a luscious drink. Let your conscience be your guide if you're calorie conscious!

24 marshmallows **2 cups loganberry juice**
1 cup water **1/2 teaspoon salt**
1/4 cup lemon juice **Ginger ale**

Melt marshmallows in the water, over low heat. Add juices and salt and blend. Chill. Combine with an equal quantity of ginger ale, add lots of chopped ice, and serve immediately. Serves 6.

Sent by ILENE NOVIKOFF, The Bronx, New York

WITCH'S PUNCH

Keep this in mind for Hallowe'en affairs. In winter, heat the cider and serve the punch piping hot.

2 four-inch sticks cinnamon **1 teaspoon whole cloves**
1/2 teaspoon powdered mace **1 cup water**
1 quart sweet cider, chilled

Boil spices in the water until the liquid is reduced to about 1/2 cup. Strain through cheesecloth. Chill. When ready to serve, combine with cider and serve in small glasses. Serves 6 to 8.

Sent by JANE BUNTON, Quincy, Illinois

RASPBERRY PUNCH

With its delicate flavor, this is a delicious accompaniment to a plate of crisp, light cookies.

1 cup cooked raspberries and juice **6 tablespoons lemon juice**
1/2 cup orange juice **1/4 cup sugar syrup**

Combine all ingredients, blend well, and serve over chopped ice. Serves 4.

Uncooked berries, pressed through a sieve, also may be used. Add more sugar syrup until the punch is sweet enough for your taste.

Sent by ANNE E. RUSSELL, Langley Prairie, B.C. Canada

PINEAPPLE-LIME FROST

A real refresher that's high in food value and tempting flavor.

1 egg white **1 tablespoon lime juice**
2 teaspoons powdered sugar **1 cup unsweetened pineapple juice, chilled**

Put egg white, sugar, and lime juice into a shaker or screw-top jar. Stir with a long-handled spoon to combine. Add pineapple juice. Make sure that top of container is tightly closed; then shake vigorously until ingredients are frothy. Pour over ice in a tall glass and serve at once. Makes 1 drink.

Sent by DONNA WETSELL, Hamburg, New York

MINT LEMONADE

This can be made whenever convenient and stored in the refrigerator, ready for use at a moment's notice.

1 cup mint leaves **Grated peel of 1 orange**
Juice of 2 oranges **2 cups sugar**
Juice of 6 lemons **2 1/2 cups water**

Wash mint leaves and place in a large bowl. Add juices and orange peel. Cook sugar and water together five minutes. Cool slightly. Pour over mint-and-juice mixture and let stand at least 1 hour. Strain into a jar and chill. To serve, add an equal quantity of ice water, and pour over a generous amount of ice. Serves 8 to 10.

Sent by SHARRON GREER, King Hill, Idaho

ORANGE-EGG PUNCH

This is a wonderful pepper-upper when appetites lag in hot weather. Have all ingredients very cold, since no ice is added.

2 eggs, separated **1 cup orange juice**
1/4 cup sugar **4 teaspoons lemon juice**
1/2 teaspoon salt **2 cups milk**

Beat egg yolks. Add sugar, salt, and juices. Mix well. Add milk and blend by beating with rotary beater, or shaking vigorously. Beat egg whites stiff and fold into mixture just before serving. Pass straws for this. Serves 4.

Sent by CAROL L. BOYCE, Wallkill, New York
 (Continued on page 30)



Above left: Young Sophisticates chooses an imported cotton in authentic clan plaids for this town and travel dress. The pointed shirt-collar fastens with a ball and string and may be worn open or closed. The paneled skirt has two large pockets. Sizes 10-16 teen in gray, navy, and red plaids, for about \$10

Above right: Two ways right is the neckline of this neat, checked gingham dress by Semiteen. It may be worn open or closed with a scarf or pin. The full skirt is topped with a bodice sprinkled with embroidered polka dots. In black-and-white or red-and-white checks, sizes 8-14 subteen, it's about \$8

Right: Bobby Teen's trim one-piece gingham dress has the look of a two-piece outfit. Skirt of unpressed pleats is done in a bold plaid, while the shirtwaist top is in a solid color. The scarf at the neck may be tied, or tucked in to give a cooler look. Sizes 8-14 subteen, in brown and blue plaids, about \$6

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RALPH M. BAXTER
HATS BY RICHARD ENGLANDER
GLOVES BY WEAR RIGHT
PRINTS FROM THE BEALE COLLECTION,
MODERN ENTERPRISES, PHILADELPHIA 3, PA.



Sandra Lee's coat dress of embroidered denim has a full skirt with slash pockets at the hip. The sleeves are short and cuffed and the collarless neckline is V-shaped. The dress may be worn with or without the high-necked dickey. In gray, brown, and green, sizes 10-16 teen, it's about \$9



Double-Dividend Cottons

Be penny-wise and pretty, too! Choose a neatly tailored cotton designed to carry you through late summer and straight into fall.

Note that each has a dual personality.

The dresses featured on these pages may be purchased from the stores listed on page 58

Dell Tween's sleeveless, taffetized-cotton dress with scooped neckline and fitted bodice has a full-shirred skirt. Note the added attraction of a removable white piqué dickey with Peter Pan collar and short puffed sleeves. In striped combinations of navy on red, red on navy, and green on navy. Subteen sizes 8-14, about \$9



Who's Afraid of a Heat Wave?

Drawings by Florence Maier



These patterns may be purchased from The American Girl, Pattern Dept., 155 East 44th Street, New York City 17. When ordering, be sure to enclose the correct amount for each pattern (sorry, no C.O.D.'s) and state size. We pay the postage. For your convenience there is a clip-out order blank on page 55

4607: A flared collar, squared off sailor-fashion at the back, gives shoulder cover in a dress for sizes 11-17. A striped fabric in cool colors for dickey and collar is a smart summer touch. Size 13 takes $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 35" material, and $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of contrast

9171: With no side or shoulder seams, this is so easy to sew that you can have several versions. Added attraction is a tiny cape, fastened with a single button. For sizes 10-16. It is sketched in lustrous Bates broadcloth. Size 12 needs $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards 35" fabric

9210: A sheer fabric, plus beading and bows, makes a lovely party frock for sizes 11-17. In a different material, topped with the snug, short-sleeved jacket, it is a crisp, cool street dress. For size 13 you will need $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards 35" fabric, 2 yards of beading

4549: Saucy as a breeze, with halter-neck bodice, billowy skirt, and brief, cap-sleeve bolero, this will see you through a summer's day from cock's crow to curfew, for it can be made in a variety of materials. Sizes 11-17. Size 13 takes $5\frac{1}{8}$ yards 35" fabric



Each Pattern 30¢



I had him
reeling—

WITH MY OWN-MADE ORANGE JELLY!

It all happened at the "Virginia Reel" dance our troop gave last Saturday night! I brought the biscuits for supper—fluffy-light and loaded with the sparkling orange jelly I'd made myself. The gang loved it—everyone clamoring for more and more and saying they'd never tasted any jelly anywhere with such a scrumptious flavor! (You can't buy it at any price!) Later on when Bill—he's the football captain and simply dreamy—cut in on me, he said, "How about saving the rest of your dances for me, Dreamboat? A gal with your talent has me reeling!"



Golly! Never knew jelly making could be such a cinch! Why, I make this orange jelly in just 15 minutes!

Yours FREE—Exciting New Leaflet on How to Hold Your Own "VIRGINIA REEL" PARTY!

Want to know how to "swing" your own square dance? This wonderful new "Party Pointer" leaflet tells you all—how to make exclamation-getting invitations—what to serve—how to decorate—in fact, everything from A to Z. So don't wait! Sit right down and write for yours now. Send requests to Frances Barton, Dept. VRJ, General Foods Corp., 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

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Look, Sue! Aren't they gorgeous? And it's the very first time I've ever made jelly, too!



Just follow recipes exactly and you'll always have perfect results with Sure-Jell. It's a powdered natural fruit pectin product!



Homemade? Honey--you're terrific! This orange jelly is the best jelly I've ever eaten!

*HERE'S MY RECIPE...

Why Not Make Some Today?
It makes 6 full glasses.

Just pour 1 box Sure-Jell pectin and 2 cups of water into a large saucepan and mix well. Then put mixture over high heat, bring to a full rolling boil, and boil hard 1 minute, stirring constantly. Reduce heat to low. Next, you add one 6-ounce can of concentrated Birds Eye Orange Juice and 3½ cups of sugar. Be sure you stir until completely dissolved. Remove pan from heat and pour into glasses quickly. That's all there is to it! And that's 'cause you don't have to paraffin. Just cover each glass with a lid, wax paper or foil, and put 'em in refrigerator until they're gobbled up!

HOMEMADE JAMS AND JELLIES

taste best...cost less!



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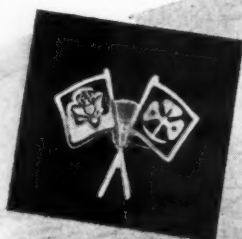
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Enclosed is my check ☐ M.O. ☐ for _____

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talk

by JONNI BURKE

Drawings by Lila Weil



Match mates in white eyelet by
Lovable. The bra has camisole
straps and eyelet ruffling. In sizes
32-38 A & B cups. Garter belt
with a blue bow has adjustable
garters. Sizes 24-30, \$1.50 each,
Wanamaker's, New York City 3



Bobbie Britches, a shirred, elasti-
cized net pantie by Formfit, has an
elastic waistband and removable
garters. \$2.95 in small, medium,
and large. Best's, New York City 22



Flexees' strapless bra of rayon
satin is trimmed with a pert ruffle
of nylon marquisette. In white or
black, sizes 32-38 A, B, C cups.
\$1.95 Gimbel's, New York City 1

Please order items direct from stores
listed and mention *The American Girl*

Lovely lingerie to keep you cool and dainty. Yours for \$3 each or less



Dora Gottlieb's batiste petticoat has flower embroidery and a scalloped edge. \$2.95, in white only. Sizes small, medium, and large at Bloomingdale's, New York City 22



Ann Revere's batiste camisole has an elastic band at the waist to keep it in place. In white, sizes small, medium, and large, \$1.98; Arnold Constable, New York 16



Demi-Tasse by Flexees, an all-nylon, two-way-stretch girdle is also available in a pantie girdle. White only. \$2.95 in small, medium, and large sizes. Shillito's, Cincinnati



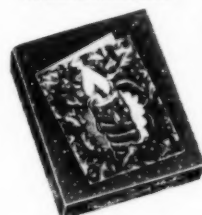
LOOK! A New, Easy Way To MAKE MONEY

for new clothes - vacation - school

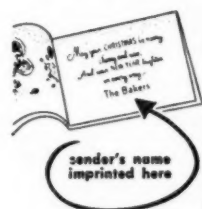
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How easy it is to make \$50-\$75-\$100 and more for yourself or your group! Extra Cash Bonus plan and Surprise Offer mean extra dollars besides for your own needs or funds for your club.

One Money Maker Says:

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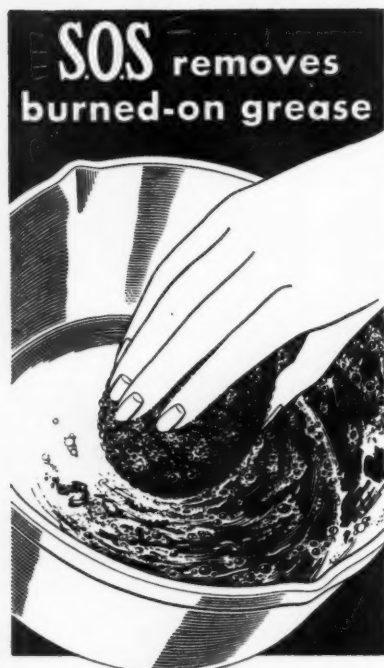
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MAKE 75¢ A BOX

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Your Own Recipe Exchange (Continued from page 23)

RUBY COOL

Pink, tangy, and tempting on a sultry day.

1 quart ripe currants	¾ cup sugar
1 quart red raspberries	Juice of 3 lemons
4 cups water	1 pint ginger ale, chilled

Wash stemmed currants and the raspberries. Drain, and crush until the juice runs freely. Add 1 cup water and cook until currants become white. Strain through cheese-cloth. To this juice, add sugar, lemon juice, and remaining 3 cups of water. Mix thoroughly and chill. Add ginger ale just before serving. Serves 6 to 8.

Sent by JANET BANKO, Cleveland, Ohio

BANANA-STRAWBERRY FLOAT

Banana milk shakes, in one form or another, seem to be the favorite drink of many readers. We hope you'll like this one.

¾ cup mashed banana	Dash salt
¾ cup mashed strawberries	5 cups cold milk
¼ cup sugar	1 pint vanilla ice cream
	8 whole strawberries

Combine banana, strawberries, sugar, and

salt. Add milk and stir well. Pour into 8 glasses and top each with a scoop of ice cream. Garnish with whole strawberries.

Sent by KAY COWLES, Tekonsha, Michigan

PINK PUNCH

Using rhubarb juice to stretch fruit juices is an old trick of Grandmother's day that gives an intriguing flavor. Don't peel the rhubarb, or you will lose the lovely pink color.

2½ cups diced rhubarb	½ cup cherry juice
1 cup water	¼ cup pineapple juice
¾ cup sugar	¼ cup lemon juice
¾ cup orange juice	1 cup ice water
	1 cup ginger ale, chilled

Cook rhubarb in 1 cup of water until tender. Strain through sieve. There should be 2 cups of juice. If there isn't, add more water to the rhubarb pulp, simmer, and strain again. Combine rhubarb juice with sugar and other juices. Chill thoroughly. Just before serving, add ice water and ginger ale and mix thoroughly. Makes 8 tall, or 16 small, glasses.

Sent by RUTH FICHS, Bellerose, New York

THE END

October Recipe Exchange

Subject: Party Desserts

Date Due: July 20

- The AMERICAN GIRL Magazine is offering you an opportunity to have your very own cooking department in which your recipes will be published. Entries for the October issue must reach us by July 20.
- Each month we'll announce in the magazine the kind of cookery to be featured in the "Recipe Exchange." Your recipe MUST be one that you have used successfully.
- JUDITH MILLER, our Cooking Editor, will test and judge the contributions, and choose the recipes which will appear in the magazine. For every entry that is printed, The AMERICAN GIRL will pay \$1.00.

FOLLOW THESE RULES CAREFULLY!

1. Recipes must be typewritten or neatly printed in ink, on one side of the paper.

2. In the upper right-hand corner of the page, give your name, address, age, and the source of your recipe.

3. List ingredients in the order of use in the recipe, and give level measurements. If any special techniques are involved, describe them fully.

4. All recipes submitted become the property of The AMERICAN GIRL Magazine and cannot be acknowledged or returned. If your recipe is published in the magazine, you will receive a check for \$1.00. Decisions of the judge are final.

5. Address all entries to Judith Miller, AMERICAN GIRL Magazine, 155 East 44th Street, New York 17, New York.

Letter Perfect (Continued from page 15)

be a sign of genius, as some psychologists think, but it is not the trade-mark of the considerate correspondent. Your trusty typewriter, if you're lucky enough to have the use of one, is considered quite all right for all but the most ultraformal efforts and preferable, of course, for business matters.

One more word about your epistle's external appearance: When you're addressing the envelope, please have pity on the postman. Affected penmanship, "significantly" misplaced postage stamps, smeary lipstick kisses, and witty remarks on the envelope flap will not only increase his headache but also decrease the likelihood that your mail will get through.

And now about the internal aspects of your letter—the contents. Here, again, consideration and common sense will be your guides. There is just one basic rule: think before you write! If you're penning a personal letter to a friend, include only those items which you are sure will be of specific interest to him or her. Never say things that you don't really mean, and never say something just to "fill up the page." Generalized remarks of the "hasn't-it-been-a-rainy-spring" category or rambling reports on your minute-to-minute activities

are pretty patent "padding," and betray the fact that you consider the whole business of writing this letter a bore and a chore.

Decide in advance exactly what you wish to convey to this particular person, then express your message as brightly and briefly as possible. Some of the most delightful letters ever written have consisted of only two or three really pithy sentences. If you feel a compulsion to complete your autobiography or compose a book-length novel, go right ahead and type it up; but send it to a publisher, not your friend! Enclosures—photographs, fabric and wallpaper samples, clippings, even pressed flowers and ribbon-tied tresses—can be fun to find in an envelope, but you must select with a thoughtful eye to the reader's interests and inclinations. Consider before you enclose.

A perfectly good opening for a bread-and-butter note is "Thank you for giving me such a very nice week end at Waverly" or "I've been telling my family and friends how wonderful Hillview can be and I want you to know, too." The purpose of this letter is purely and plainly to express your gratitude—as convincingly as possible—and that is largely a matter of telling the truth! Avoid extravagant phrases. If you just say you are grateful, and say specifically why,

your letter will be a success. Your hostess doesn't want to be told (and won't believe) that you "never had a more ecstatic time"; but she would like to learn that you appreciate the efforts she made in your behalf and that you remember the view from the south terrace, the corn souffle, the first swim of the season—or whatever it was that really did give you pleasure. A final "thank you," and that's all! If it's sincere, it's so simple!

Timing, too, will affect the way your letter is received. A duty note is always easier to write while ideas and impressions are still fresh in your mind. And there's no such thing as getting one off too soon. If you let that bread-and-butter job wait until your entertainers are beginning to resemble the R. Van Winkles, your expressions of undying gratitude cannot be very convincing to them. So avoid the necessity for apologies by writing your hostess promptly.

Of course, there are such things as "problem" letters that are genuinely difficult to write—letters of apology, for instance, or letters of condolence. But even these will seem easier if you approach the subject with thoughtful sincerity. First know in your own mind what you feel, and they try to express those feelings with conviction.

Business letters are easy if you remember these common-sense considerations. Be clear, be concise, be brief without being brusque. Stick strictly to facts—the relevant facts in logical sequence. Muddled, meandering prose will irritate any busy reader and speak poorly for your habits of thought. Let's suppose, for example, that you are writing a letter of application for a summer job. Here's how to organize your material:

In the very first sentence you announce the purpose of the letter and, if necessary, identify yourself. Proceed immediately to furnish all the information that may be needed, in order of its importance—your qualifications and previous experience, your age, the length of time you'll be available, and so forth. Next, you make your request ("Will you please consider me for this job?" or "Would you be kind enough to let me know, at your convenience, if my qualifications seem adequate for the position?" or whatever it is you wish to ask) and then finally you close with some pleasant comment (such as, "Thank you in advance for anything you may do for me") and your letter is ready for your signature.

One type of business letter you probably write most frequently is an order for merchandise you see advertised in a newspaper or magazine. Always check and check again to be sure you have included all the information needed to fill your order promptly. This means size, color, style number (if given) quantity, money (when necessary—and don't send stamps when coins are asked for). Often stamped, self-addressed envelopes must accompany your order, particularly when you are ordering free instructions or free samples. If such an envelope is omitted, there's a real chance your order will be overlooked.

From now till the day you edit your memoirs you will be judged by the prose you pen and the way it appears on paper. Letters will flutter through your whole career and mark many of its major moments. So do your brightest and best, even if your effort is nothing more than a note about the morning milk. When you write—be right.

THE END

Keep a Recipe Scrapbook



When you plan that back-yard cook-out*, here's the recipe to use. Delicious, and so-o easy!

Outdoor Mayo-Burgers



Mix 1 lb. ground beef, 1 tsp. salt, ½ tsp. pepper, 4 tbs. Best Foods or Hellmann's Whole-Egg Mayonnaise, 1 tsp. finely chopped onion, ¼ c. dry bread crumbs. Shape into 12 patties. Cut 6 slices American cheese in smaller rounds. Place on 6 burgers and cover with remaining 'burgers. Seal meat edges. Broil over fire on both sides, serve on buns.

*For Back-Yard Camper Badge...



Activity 14 states... plan and carry out simple outdoor meal for family, using back-yard fireplace. And what could be nicer than Mayo-Burgers and a lettuce and tomato salad topped with the Whole-Egg Mayonnaise!

Salads, sauces, sandwiches... there's almost no end to the wonderful ways you'll use Best Foods or Hellmann's Mayonnaise. It adds finer flavor, smoother texture because it's the Whole-Egg Mayonnaise... made with freshly broken whole eggs plus extra egg yolks.

Taste the difference between mayonnaise made with egg yolks alone and Best Foods or Hellmann's! You'll soon know why it's America's favorite mayonnaise!

Best Foods • Hellmann's®



The Whole-Egg Mayonnaise



IN THE WEST →

← IN THE EAST

Mrs. Conover did not smile. Instead, she put a sympathetic hand lightly on her son's broad shoulder. "It's Elly's big moment, remember," she said. "Don't begrudge her a second of it."

Butch grinned rather sheepishly. "You're okay, Mom," he said, and added almost cheerfully, "Well, anyway, you and I can have my bass for supper. Do you suppose you could whip up a raspberry shortcake to go with it?"

Mrs. Conover kissed the tip of her son's nose. "I think that could be arranged," she agreed comfortably.

Out at the fair grounds the following morning, Elly gazed around the dressing room she shared with clever, dark-haired Loretta Dunbar.

"This is all like a dream," she said tremulously. "And I'm afraid I'm going to wake up any minute! Just imagine—I'm actually getting ready to play a scene with Claude Brent. I still can't believe it's true!"

Miss Dunbar laughed. "You'll look cute as a button in this outfit," she said. She took an old-fashioned ruffled green gingham dress from the wardrobe and added black, high-button shoes and a wide, leghorn hat to the ensemble. "Now," she directed, "sit in front of the mirror and I'll give you the works."

She draped a towel over Elly's shoulders, tied back her curls, and lathered her face with cold cream. Under Loretta's skillful fingers Elly saw herself transformed into a glorified version of a country lass of the Gay Nineties.

"You look super," Loretta said. "Take the other chair, and I'll do my own face. I'm your 'ma' in this shot, so I'll put in a few wrinkles." Working briskly away, she mumbled, "So you think it's a dream come true, being in the flicks? Well, sometimes it is, and then again, it isn't. Know your lines?"

"Oh, yes," Elly assured her. "How do you think I do them? Listen." Elly ducked her head with appropriate shyness. "Oh, no . . . no, thank you . . . Mother wouldn't like to have me go anywhere with a stranger. And on the flying boats . . . we-ell, I'll go . . . yes, I'll go with you . . . all right."

"Nice going," Loretta approved. "Of course, when you make your first speech you consider Claude a fresh, young, city slicker, and you're indignant. But your second line shows you're completely dazzled by him. I don't believe you are, actually, and that's a switch. The other girls we've roped in on this publicity stunt have all gone ga-ga over him, but you."

"The other girls?" Elly faltered.

"Sure. Don't you know the setup? You see, Claude's box office was falling off in the East, so Walker dreamed up this idea of taking scenes at a dozen county fairs, with a contest in each place to be won by some local girl. The final winner will be picked when the Hollywood office sees all the rushes. I wish," Loretta frowned, unaware of Elly's downcast face, "that they had chosen something else for the take here. Those flying boats look rickety to me."

"Mr. Walker said they'd been tested," Elly said, her spirits rising. "I think it'll be fun to ride in one."

"Rather you than me, dearie," Loretta chuckled, tying the strings of a sunbonnet under her chin. "Hey, there's the starting signal. Come on!"

With the dream feeling still strong within her, Elly stepped out into the dazzling sunshine to join the other Maxon players grouped on the wooden landing platform of the flying boats. This ancient affair consisted of half a dozen boat-shaped cars attached by long iron chains to a large wheel set transversely on a high central pole. Set in motion by a clanking engine, the

to act out her spoken dialogue with Claude, and step into the boat, the camera grinding all the while. It was only after they had swung away from the landing that Elly saw her mother and Butch looking anxiously up at her.

It was hard to turn and smile at Claude instead of waving reassuringly, but the boat was whirling swiftly now, and Elly fastened her safety belt and clutched Claude's arm as she had been told to do.

"That's the ticket," the cameraman approved. "Now, Brent, turn on the charm. Give her the famous smile. Okay, relax, kids. In another few minutes we'll be on terry firm again, as the old lady said."

"Thank . . ." Claude began, then caught his breath sharply. "Hey, Masters, isn't this boat lurching?"

"Something's funny," the other said, and as he spoke one of the chains holding the boat in place broke noisily and fell, clanking down over the side of the boat, which swung tipsily from the three remaining chains.

The groan from the crowd changed to a cry of relief as they saw that the three passengers were held securely by their safety belts. The engineer had stopped the machinery at the first sign of trouble, the wheel was slowing down, and all would have gone well except for that dangling chain. Whipping wildly in the air, it wrapped itself around a supporting pier of the landing stage, bringing the whole line of boats to a shuddering stop and holding the boat in which Elly, Claude, and Masters sat spliced fast to the pier and far away from the landing platform.

"We're all right, kids," Masters said. "We're still fifteen feet above the ground, but all we have to do is sit tight and wait for somebody to get a ladder over to us."

"I hope they hurry," Elly said faintly, "because I can see smoke coming up through the floor boards over there!"

"I'm getting out of here," Claude jumped up, fumbling with the straps of his safety belt. "The boat's on fire!"

"Sit down!" Masters shouted, and Claude obeyed. "Now, listen to me," the older man went on. "Nothing serious can happen. There's a ground crew and a fire engine on hand for emergencies, and this is hardly that. The smoke is probably nothing but charred wood from a broken lighting wire. Look, here comes a big guy rushing a ladder to us now."

"That's Butch!" Elly squealed, and a moment later the hooks on the fire ladder grappled the side of the boat, and Butch came scrambling up the rungs, holding out a stalwart arm to help Elly down to the ground.

"Come on, angel cake," he grunted. "It's my turn to drive you home."

Scarcely knowing how she did it, Elly climbed down the ladder and ran into her mother's arms.

"Darling," Mrs. Trask whispered, then turned to Butch, her lips trembling. "I . . . I can't even begin to tell you . . ."

"Aw, that's all right," Butch muttered, his ears scarlet with embarrassment. "You take Elly's other arm, Mrs. Trask, and we'll get her out of the crowd and into the car. She's beginning to look kinda green around the gills."

So Elly was hurried home and put firmly

We Are Their Children

by Eleanor Graham Vance

Brave were the scouts, the first to go
Through desert and wilderness, cautious,
slow,
On foot or on horseback, whichever was
best,
To break the way to the beckoning West.
And who can guess how their throats were
dry
When they looked at the sand and the
burning sky
And prayed, as a man might pray for his
soul,
That they'd stumble soon on a water hole?

Then came the wagons with oxen teams,
Driven by men who dreamed their dreams
And brought their women and children
along
To sing their part in the Western song.
Here is a bride with the face of a child,
Riding through country strange and wild,
Making her plans, as young brides will,
For a tight little home on a good safe hill.

Here is a granny with eyes of sorrow,
Hoping she'll live for the Bright Tomorrow.
And who can guess at the dark-time fears
When a single night was a hundred years,
When the snap of a twig made pulses
start,
And the howl of a wolf could stop a heart?

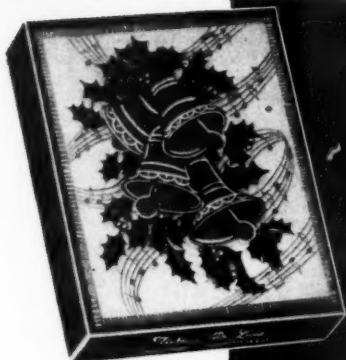
Ah, it was cruel and harsh and slow,
But the West was calling, and they
must go
Over the mountains, across the plains,
Burned by the sun and wet by the rains,
On bloody feet when their shoes were done,
Following on to the setting sun.

We are their children; the stuff in our
blood
Will carry us on through fire and flood.
Though the clouds hang dark and the way
be rough,
We are their children—and that is enough.

wheel would revolve faster and faster until the pendant boats flying around with it were almost parallel with the ground.

"This is the craziest idea yet," the cameraman growled, as he stepped into the boat in which Claude and Elly were to ride. But Elly, busy searching the sea of laughing, eager faces below them for a glimpse of Butch, paid no attention.

She couldn't see Butch anywhere. People were moving about—the sun glittered on the flashing carnival banners—it was hard to fix a face before it had vanished. And then Mr. Walker called her name, and Elly had



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PRACTICALLY PERFECT!

A Girl, a Fella, a Beach Umbrella—Blue Barron (MGM)
All by Yourself in the Moonlight—Blue Barron (MGM)
Am I in Love?—Debbie Reynolds (MGM)
Do You Care?—Alan Dean (MGM)
Fifty Years Ago—Doree and Bill Post (MGM)
Half as Much—Rosemary Clooney (Columbia)
Hold Me Close to You—Billy Eckstine (MGM)
I'm Dancing with Tears in My Eyes—Tony Bavaar (Victor)
I'm Yours—Eddie Fisher (Victor)
Kiss of Fire—Billy Eckstine (MGM)
Marionette—Vaughn Monroe (Victor)
Piano, Bass, and Drums—Tommy Edwards (MGM)
Pigtails and Freckles—Art Lund & Anita Gordon (MGM)
Please—Bill Farrell (MGM)
Smokin' and Dreamin'—Street Singers (MGM)
What's the Use—Johnnie Ray (Columbia)
When I Dream—Harry James and Kitty Kallen (Columbia)
Whistle My Love—Henry Jerome (MGM)
Why Worry?—Frank Petty Trio (MGM)
Wing-Ding Tonight—Freddy Martin (Victor)
You—Sammy Kaye (Columbia)

This is a teen-age success story. MGM's new singing star, Cindy Lord, is a high school junior from the little town of Medford, just outside Boston. Cindy is sixteen and manages to keep up with her schoolwork by studying on the train (Boston-New York run) between guest performances on radio and TV, and her recording sessions at MGM studios. The pretty, dark-haired girl has a charming, mature singing voice and poise far beyond her years. To train for her varied career she studied first with her mother, who was formerly a radio performer herself, and later at the New England Conservatory of Music. At eleven she had her own radio show and at fourteen was starring in a TV show. Her three initial records for MGM assured her of a golden future, and she is currently being tested for a movie career, also. Cindy's newest platter, **So Deep My Love and Graduation Day**, is thoroughly pleasing and clearly indicates the reasons for her success. Gifted with a lovely, expressive voice and an attractive appearance, this young lady has worked steadily to achieve a kind of perfection in her singing style and song delivery. Even when her song numbers are no longer on the hit-tune list, her voice will make the records worthy of collection by popular-music lovers. If you haven't heard Cindy, you're missing something. Listen soon to this little lady who makes a song a personal message to you!

There was a time when opera was strictly for long-hair enthusiasts, but now the colorful pageantry and world-famous music is for everyone's enjoyment, as proved by the booming sales of complete opera recordings and favorite excerpts sung by the leading opera singers themselves. Don't neglect this important musical medium. A little twenty-five-cent book called "Pocket Book of Great Operas" contains the stories (librettos) of the more popular operas and also has a thematic guide for those of you who can pick out a tune on the piano.

The throbbing voice of Johnnie Ray explodes in his first Columbia album, which is untitled but easily recognizable by the dramatic picture of Ray on the cover and the dynamic singing of such numbers as **All of Me** and **Don't Take Your Love from Me**.—Ventriloquist Paul Winchell and his wooden side-kick, Jerry Mahoney, have waxed a humorous duet entitled **Jack and the Beanstalk** for Victor. Fun for everyone. —Met Opera singers Robert Merrill and Roberta Peters have made a new romantic Victor recording of **Indian Love Call** and **So In Love** which belongs on your must-hear list.—If you appreciate Dixieland music, MGM's new **Dixieland** album featuring the Rampart Street Paraders is a spirited collection of favorites.—Powerful new voice is that of Victor Marchese whose latest recording for MGM is **Jeannine** and **You'll Never Walk Alone**. Here is a singer with a deep, masculine voice and a straightforward approach to a song.—Columbia has released the three-album story of Bix Biederbecke, trumpet artist of the late 1920's.—Two top instrumentals issued by MGM are **Harlem Nocturne** by David Rose and orchestra; and **Broadway Ballet**, featuring Gene Kelly and Lennie Hayton's orchestra. The latter is part of the score of "Singin' in the Rain."—As delightfully refreshing as her voice is Columbia star Doris Day's radio show heard on Friday evenings from nine to nine thirty, EST. Catch it regularly if you can.—Victor's long-play album envelopes now have a booktype backbone on which the artist's name and title of the composition are printed. Handy for quick identification of vertically stacked albums.—Good news indeed is Columbia's announcement of a three-speed record-playing attachment which sells for \$12.95. Important feature is a single, all-purpose needle.

Summertime is camping time. While you're roasting marshmallows or just sitting around the campfire, sing the old songs that are perennially popular—sing the rounds, sing trail songs, sing Scout or school songs, and experience the fun of group singing! Wherever you are, summertime is the time to sing!

THE END

to bed with orders that no one should even try to talk about the day's happenings until she had had a soothing cup of cocoa and an hour's rest. And Hannah, who brought the cocoa to her, was so shaken from her usual stoic calm that she actually put her arms around Elly's shoulders and kissed her tenderly.

Then she sniffed, "And if you ever give me a turn like that again, I'll spank you, hear me?"

The thought of all the love and devotion that home . . . and Butch, too . . . meant was still warm in Elly's heart that evening when Claude, bearing an enormous sheaf of American Beauty roses, called to say goodbye.

"We're leaving early tomorrow," he said airily, "but I couldn't go without telling you how sorry I am that our take here was such a flop. I—I hope you didn't think too badly of me . . . the way I lost my nerve."

"I understood," Elly told him earnestly. "I was scared, too."

"I'm going to try to make up for your disappointment, though," Claude went on, flushing a little at Elly's frankness. "The films weren't hurt, and when I get back to the coast I'm going to put in a very special word for you, so maybe . . ."

"But, Claude—" Elly began.

"I can't promise, of course," he cut in. "But you may be sure I'll do my best to see that you have a real screen test out there. What do you say to that?"

"I say 'no, thank you,' and I mean it," Elly said. "You're awfully kind, Claude, but honestly, I don't want to go to Hollywood, or anywhere. I'm a lot happier right here!"

But Butch, coming in after Claude had made a decidedly disgruntled exit, saw traces of tears on Elly's cheek—tears which she tried to hide by burying her face in Claude's extravagant bouquet.

"Hey," Butch bristled, "did that over-padded droop make you cry? If he did, I'll go after him, and . . ."

"Oh, Butch," Elly laughed shakily, "I'm only crying because I'm so glad things are back again the way they were. Can't you see?"

Butch was baffled by this completely feminine reasoning, but only for a moment. Then his eyes crinkled with laughter. "You're glad," he growled. "Well, so am I, dreamboat—so am I!"

THE END

Pack Your Beauty Bag

(Continued from page 21)

comb and brush—all the good-grooming aids you use anywhere, any time of the year.

In addition to the essentials here are some special tips for special places:

For Camp:

Insect repellent: Camps and little things that fly by night and bite always seem to go hand in hand. So the wise girl always has a bottle of insect repellent near her cot or bunk.

Refreshment for the feet: Tired feet and leg muscles can make you miserable your first days in camp. Take along a small bottle of witch hazel or denatured alcohol and rub your feet and legs before getting into bed.

For the Mountains:

Protective cream: Since you are not apt to burn as quickly in the mountains as you

would on the beach, a light coating of protective cream on your face, arms, and legs (if you wear shorts) may serve you better than suntan oil. However, don't think because you are so high above sea level that you won't sunburn at all! Guard against it.

Foot powder: In true mountain country you'll probably wear shoes sturdy enough for hiking. They can be tiring and call for foot powder. Take along a box of plain bunion plasters, too. Place them on the heel just where the back of the shoe rubs the tender skin to prevent blisters there.

Hand lotion: Mountain water is often very hard, so this item will definitely help counteract the water's roughening effects.

For a Motor Trip:

Make-up Bag: Invest in an easily carried bag in which everything you need in the way of beauty care for night and morning can be packed. The denim or leatherette beach-bag type of bag is best, for it can be tucked in a corner of the car always at hand for quick-fresh-ups in a wayside restroom before meals. It should have at least one rubberized pocket for your washcloth (hotels and overnight cabins don't provide washcloths), for your soap and toothbrush. If the bag you buy isn't already equipped with the new plastic bottles for mouthwash, deodorant, and the like, supply yourself with a set. Don't take large sizes of anything with you, for you can always replenish your needs at the next corner drugstore, and don't clutter your bag with anything you don't need.

For a Visit "Way Out in the Country":

Think over your needs for this trip well beforehand. Make a list of everything you will need for as long as you are going to stay. Nothing is more annoying than the deep-country guest who arrives without her own equipment and relies on borrowing one girl's toothpaste one day, another's bobby pins the next. Don't be the kind of vacationer who runs out of cleansing cream before her holiday is over, or neglects to pack her party pretties when she knows there will be a Saturday-night square dance. Even in these days of automobiles, lots of people live five or ten miles from the nearest shopping center and only go to market once or twice a week.

For the Beach:

Suntan oil: We've mentioned this in the list of essentials; this is just an extra reminder to take along a larger quantity than you would to any other vacation spot. The combination of wind and salt air can burn you quickly, so use generous amounts of oil for the first few days. Don't be in the sun too long—twenty minutes a day is all you should take in the beginning. And experts say you can burn on slightly cloudy days too. Something to do with reflected rays on the water.

For Under the Old Apple Tree:

This is as delightful a place as any to laze away the days if you plan to vacation at home. An "at home" vacation is sometimes the best of all, and a perfect time to give yourself that really comprehensive, top-toe, good-grooming treatment you've been too busy to try during the school year.

Wherever you go, take care to stay as attractive as you are and have a wonderful time!

THE END

THE AMERICAN GIRL

GIRLS! Send today for this beautiful FREE BOOKLET on the correct care for your dog!

It's the colorful, picture-filled Sergeant's Dog Book! 38 pages of valuable advice written by experts. With it you can learn how to feed, train, groom, and care for your dog like the professional dog trainers do!

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DEAL WITH A LEADER. EARN BIG EXTRA MONEY IN FULL OR SPARE TIME.

\$50 & MORE Yours for selling only 100 startling new boxes. Other EXCLUSIVE AMAZING profit cards & novelties.

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A special-purpose soap to overcome oily skin, the basis of many teen-age complexion troubles. Pure vegetable soap with no animal fat... no pore clogging ingredients. Thorough cleansing action "wakes up" sluggish complexions... helps to eliminate blackheads and externally caused pimples. Gives your complexion a new freshness.

LATHERS IN HARDEST WATER—take it on your hikes.

At Drug, Grocery and Department Stores or send 50¢ for 3 cakes to SAYMAN CO.,—DEPT. AG7—ST. LOUIS 3, MO.

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SMART
COOKIE,
I...**



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THIS EASY WAY...
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I'm hep to what makes a teen-ager's life more tolerable—EXTRA CASH—and it's so easy to earn on your own! Simply show these "dreamy" W & S Christmas cards to friends and neighbors—they sell on sight! You make up to 100% profit!



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The two feature 21 card assortments are masterpieces of originality and quality! Dozens of other \$1 assortments, gifts, EXCLUSIVE gift wraps, everyday assortments, stationery, imprint notes—114 big sellers in all!

EXCLUSIVE NAME-IMPRINT CARDS

W & S EXCLUSIVE imprint cards—priced at 50¢ for \$1 up—36 smart, exclusive designs! Deluxe line features steel engravings. Business cards, too.

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It's a super way to make money for school clubs, sororities and other organizations—ask about the SPECIAL W & S CLUB PLAN.

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749 Monroe Ave., Rochester 2, N. Y.

Send me at once your FREE offer including on approval samples and selling helps.

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City _____ Zone _____ State _____

The Wind Blows Free (Continued from page 17)

hello to Dennis, when she really would have liked a chance to talk with him.

The Pierces were up very early on the morning of the Fourth, and the sky was barely light when they set off in the wagon. The girls were wearing their calico dresses and bonnets, as well as their half-handers—homemade gloves with ends of the fingers cut out. They could work in these without being too clumsy, and the gloves kept their hands from getting brown and freckled. They all wore coats, too, for the morning was chilly.

"Golly," Dick said, shivering, "seems more like Christmas than the Fourth."

The sun shot up, a bright splash of color. "Oh, look," Carolyn piped, her high baby voice hushed and awed, "God has lighted a lamp for us to drive by."

Melinda looked at the whole brilliant sky. Even in the west, across the world from the sunrise, the colors flamed. A lobo appeared against the brightness, his form silhouetted against the light. He eyed them quietly, with an arrogant and indifferent air, wholly without fear.

Papa turned toward the gun he had brought. "I ought to shoot him," he said, "but he's too far away, and he knows it."

The lobos were bad. They killed baby calves and sometimes, so the cowboys said, when the weather was bad and the snow deep, they even attacked cows. The old and sick ones. The wolf stood looking at them for a few moments, then slunk off, silent as a shadow.

The Pierces reached the plum thicket about noon. It was hard to believe there was really a place like this out here on the plain. The breaks they talked about so much were really a sort of ravine, a miniature canyon. Cedars grew here, and a stream flowed at the very bottom, bordered by cottonwood trees and others Melinda could not name. She only knew they were beautiful. After all these weeks of looking at treeless distances, they seemed the most beautiful things she had ever seen. A blue haze hung over it all. It looked like smoke and Melinda said so.

"Well," Papa said, "it's not smoke. But they say that there's a legend about it's being the smoke from the campfires of the Indians who lived here long ago. Maybe it's just from the cedars."

They ate lunch with only half a mind on their food. Just as they finished, a buckboard drove up in which Dennis was driving Mrs. Kennedy. The two women began to talk, but Dennis sat with the reins in his hands, staring straight ahead. Melinda wasn't going to speak first, no matter what happened, but the twins weren't so timid.

"Hello, Dennis," Bert said.

"Get down and let's play," Dick suggested.

"Sorry. I have to watch the team," Dennis said. He seemed to have grown in the weeks since Melinda had seen him. She looked at him sidewise, then dropped her eyes quickly. But even so, he caught her.

"Hello," he said.

"Hello." For some reason she felt the need to walk over and stand with Katie, near Mama and Mrs. Kennedy.

"You might as well get started with plum-gathering so you'll be all through in time for supper," Mrs. Kennedy was saying.

"We're going to eat at the chuck wagon. I thought the children would enjoy that. We'll be expecting you." She turned to Dennis. "We'd better get back now."

Dennis touched the team lightly with the whip and the matched bays, sleek and pretty, moved off proudly.

"Well," Mama said, "let's get at our plum-picking."

Whereupon the Pierces assembled their collection of buckets and baskets and tubs and went over to the plum thicket. Actually, the plums were growing on bushes rather than trees. They were not at all like the plum trees back in East Texas, nor was the fruit the same. This was not red, but yellow, or a delicate sort of orange with sometimes a red blush on one side. Melinda picked one and bit into it. The orange-colored juice, sweetly mellow, ran down her chin.

The boys were pushing the fruit into their mouths with both hands. "They're good," Bert marveled.

As yet there wasn't a single plum in anybody's basket. Even Papa and Mama were sampling before they gathered. The sky was a bright lacquered blue again; the sun was casting a golden wash over everything. By now the day had warmed up, but still the sun's heat felt good. Innumerable birds flitted about the plum thicket. The small thorns on the bushes caught at Melinda's pigtailed, and at her black ribbed stockings.

Suddenly Dick screamed. "A bee! A bee stung me on the hand." Papa administered first aid, a poultice of mud. "I can't pick plums with my hand all stung," Dick complained.

"Oh, go on, both of you," Papa laughed.

"You girls may go too," Mama told them. "This is your picnic. Papa and I can pick all the plums we'll need."

Melinda looked over toward the creek that ran close by. "May we go down there and walk around a little?" she asked.

"Yes, if you don't go too far. You and Katie. Carolyn had better stay with us."

Melinda and Katie followed the creek a little way until they came to a place where it divided. Melinda chose the left-hand branch. The two girls walked along on the sand until they saw a little pool, shimmering clear and bright in the afternoon sun. Melinda looked at Katie; Katie looked at Melinda. Without a word they began to take off their shoes and stockings at the same moment. Together they stepped into the water. It was the first time they had been wading—had seen enough water to wade in—since they left East Texas.

"Oh, Melinda!" Katie sighed. "It's fun."

They waded on until they came to a fork in the creek. There was a hackberry tree here.

It was a big tree, one you could always see and come back to.

"Let's leave our shoes and stockings here," Melinda said. "We can pick them up on our way back."

She and Katie put their shoes and stockings under the tree and went back to the stream. Again Melinda took the left-hand turn, with Katie right behind her. Soon they came on some white sand which reached out from the water, across a wide flat space, up to the very bank. It was warm and clean and soft. The girls began to build sand castles by the creek's edge. The water lapped softly



When leaving an upper berth, should you —

- ☐ Dress completely ☐ Wear a robe ☐ Ring a bell

To save your neck, you can't get down—unless you ring the bell that fetches the porter (with a ladder). It's okay to dress in the ladies' room. So you can wear your robe down the aisle, without feeling self-conscious. In any situation—at certain times, Kotex keeps you self-assured. Those flat pressed ends banish telltale outlines. And for extra comfort, there's your new Kotex belt, made with soft-stretch elastic. Non-twisting. Non-curling. Washable; dries pronto!

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Know how to "click" with a camera?

- ☐ Grin and face it ☐ Try a trick or two

Make your snapshot wallet-worthy. Don't stand facing the lens squarely: cameras play hob with a chassis that's even a wee bit on the wide side. A good trick's to pose your frame at an angle. And when "those" days pose the problem of choosing the just-right sanitary protection—choose Kotex. As for finding the right absorbency—the trick's to try all 3! Regular, Junior, Super Kotex.



Should this summer's barefoot belle consider—

- ☐ Snakes ☐ A pedicure ☐ Poison ivy

Whether beachcombing, or dabbling in a babbling brook—your tootsies better be well pedicured! Cut toe-nails short; straight across. Use lacquer to match your paw-paint; and pul-lease—repair chipped polish! Belles on their toes don't risk embarrassment. They meet "calendar" needs with Kotex, for that special safety center gives extra protection.



If your Romeo's green-eyed, what to do?

- ☐ Stick to your knitting ☐ Keep him guessing

Your dreamboat's the jealous type? Making with the roving eye won't cure him. If you'd avoid feuds, date the sad lad solo; and stick to your knitting . . . no flirty business. Be kind to yourself, too, on days when comfort means a lot. Get the softness Kotex gives: it holds its shape, because this napkin's made to stay soft while you wear it.

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at their feet, and the little birds were singing in the trees.

Suddenly Melinda looked up. The sun was low and a chill went over her. It was later than she had realized. She and Katie had been having such fun, they had lost track of time. They mustn't be late at the chuck-wagon supper. She got up quickly.

"I guess we'd better be going back, Katie," she said.

"All right," Katie stood up. "Which way do we go?"

Melinda looked around. She had not given the matter of direction a thought until Katie mentioned it. She turned one way, then another.

Katie watched her fearfully. "Don't you know the way, M'linda?"

"Sure," Melinda said stoutly. "Sure. We go this way." And she started off, Katie close behind her.

It was growing chilly. The sun was lower now, the wind was coming up, and there were some clouds. It shouldn't be this cold on the Fourth of July, but it was. They walked on and Melinda felt her feet growing colder and colder. The sun was gone, and there was a red glow in the sky.

"M'linda," Katie said presently, "I don't remember seeing that big cottonwood tree before!"

There was indeed a giant cottonwood close to the stream. Melinda stopped. "Let me think, Katie. We'll turn around and go back to where we made those sand houses. I'll know how to go on from there." She remembered the two left turns and the hackberry tree. She felt confident and sure.

They turned around. It was really cold now, and the chill wind blew against their ankles. Katie, walking along behind Melinda, sneezed. Suddenly she yelled, "Ouch!"

Melinda turned to see her hopping on one foot, holding the other in her hand. What if a snake had bitten her!

"What's the matter?" Melinda asked, in fright.

"Something stuck in my foot," Katie whimpered.

Melinda bent over to examine it. There was a sand burr stuck in the tender flesh. Carefully Melinda pulled it out. "I guess we'd better wade along in the creek," she decided. The creek would be smooth and soft to their bare feet, although the water was cold.

They started off, wading in the water rather than walking at the edge, as they had been doing. They came to the branch of the creek, and Melinda felt sure that she recognized this particular spot. Not long now until they would be back to the tree where they had left their shoes and stockings. Then, in the dusk of the evening, she saw it again. The giant cottonwood!

Melinda stopped. The wind was beginning to blow and it was quite cold. It was also growing dark. Katie saw the tree and recognized it too. She began to sob, crying so hard that her little body shook. Melinda listened to the sound of the rising wind and stared at the darkness of the sky. Then she turned to her sister.

"Stop that crying," she said firmly. "Do you hear?"

"What are we—going—to—do—o?" Katie wailed, gulping back a sob.

"We're going to sit right here and wait for someone to find us. Papa will come. As soon as he finds we don't come back, he'll start looking."

Katie stopped crying. "Why, of course," she agreed. "Papa will come for us."

They sat down on the bank of the creek. Katie no longer whimpered, but she shivered a little. Then she sneezed again. Melinda stooped down and hollowed out a place in the sand. "Stick your feet in this hole, horey," she said.

The child obeyed. Melinda put her own feet down in the hollowed-out place. Then she scooped sand back over both her feet and Katie's.

It felt good, for the sand still held a little of the sun's warmth. She put her arm around Katie, hugged her close, and hoped the child would not catch cold. Suppose she had the croup out here tonight and died before help could get to them?

"Don't be scared, Katie." She gave the little girl a squeeze. "I'm here, and Papa will be coming before long."

As she spoke, there was a long, low, mournful wail off at the right. Both girls jumped, almost pulling their feet out of the protecting sand. Melinda sat down again, drawing Katie down with her.

"It's just a coyote," she told the child reassuringly. "They never hurt anyone."

"It might be a—lobo," Katie whispered.

Melinda had thought of that. "It's a coyote," she said, with a positiveness she did not feel. "They always run in packs. Listen!"

The pack had taken up the single call now, and the air was filled with their howling. The creek bank cupped in the echoes, so the sound of wailing, almost human in its sadness, seemed to shake the very ground on which the girls sat. Neither spoke for a time, then Katie asked, "How can Papa find us in the dark?"

A chill, colder than the night, swept over Melinda. How could he? For the first time since she had known they were lost, she felt real terror. Maybe they would have to sit here all night, with coyotes—maybe even lobos—creeping closer all the time. A coyote howled so near that he seemed almost at their elbow.

Katie threw her arms around Melinda's neck, sobbing convulsively.

Melinda drew a deep breath and sat up straight.

"Now Katie," she said firmly, "they aren't going to hurt us. Coyotes don't eat people and you know it."

But Katie was not to be comforted. She began to sob hysterically and to scream, "Papa! Papa!"

Then an idea came to Melinda. "Katie," she said, "let's sing."

Katie choked. "Sing? What will we sing?"

In the stillness Melinda could hear the murmuring of the brook. "We'll sing 'Shall We Gather at the River?'" she announced. Clearing her throat, she began. At first the words sounded strange, like the squeaking of a wagon wheel that needed grease. "Shall we gather at the river?" she quavered.

Katie listened a moment, then joined in. "The beautiful, beautiful river." The night took up the echoes, flung them back at the girls. The coyotes were silent. Melinda sang louder.

"Shall we gather at the river, that flows from the throne of God?"

Then Melinda heard something. She and Katie stopped singing and listened. What was it? It might be cattle thieves, or bad men, or robbers. It might be Indians! Paralyzed with fright, she heard the sound again.

(To be continued)

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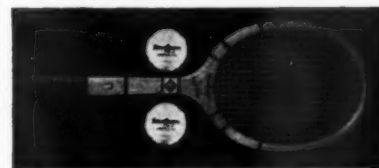
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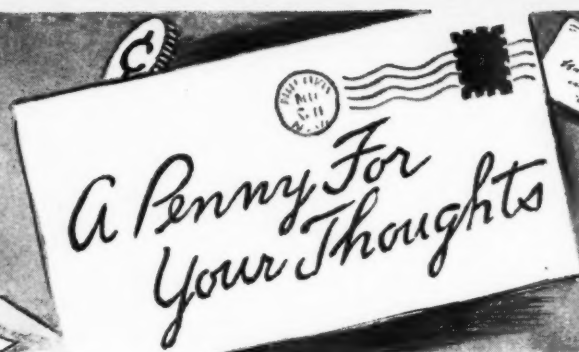
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PORTLAND, OREGON: All of my girl friends, Scouts and non-Scouts, have subscribed to *THE AMERICAN GIRL* and think it's tops! Our home-economics class at school takes it also.

Teen-Ager . . . Italian Style, The Cherry Tree, and The Long and Short of It, all get my applause. I like your book section very much, but I wish you could print more about art, dramatics, and hobbies.

SANDRA FIELD (age 14)

BAKER, LOUISIANA: I really liked the article *Teen-Ager . . . British Style* for two reasons. One, I have a pen pal in Britain and, two, I noticed in the article that what we call a jacket they call a blazer. Well, Blazer is the name of my six-month-old puppy.

Doubtful Dog reminds me of my puppy because he is doubtful in the strictest sense of the word.

The Music Stand is perfect. My music teacher has had me learn to play the Negro spirituals mentioned in May's issue. I have also purchased the records *A Guy Is a Guy* and *Gandy Dancer's Ball*.

JOYCE C. FRAZIER (age 13)

AIRDRIE, SCOTLAND: Congratulations on such a wonderful magazine. I have received quite a number of copies in the past two years from my pen pal, Caroline Spanier. When my family and I have completely read your magazine, my cousin has her turn. Then I send it to my French correspondent. So it really travels a good distance.

The stories are super, especially *A Girl Called Hank* and *Double Date*. I also enjoy the complete stories. As I am interested in music I thoroughly enjoy *The Music Stand*. I think *By You* is a very good idea as it encourages people to show their talents. Although I am not a Girl Guide I do enjoy *All Over the Map*.

I liked the March cover very much as I used to have a white rabbit exactly like those featured on this cover.

MOIRA BRYSON (age 14)

WOLLASTON, MASSACHUSETTS: I really enjoyed *A Voice Is Heard* and *Teen-Ager . . . Italian Style*, and would like to see many more of them, featuring different countries. *The Dig* was very interesting and sounds like fun too. I really profited from *The Long and Short of It*. How about some more like it?

DEBORAH BREWER (age 14)

CALUMET CITY, ILLINOIS: Since the day after Easter I've been stuck in bed with mumps, and I've practically run out of things to amuse myself with. Today I received my May issue of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. I was very happy since I need not be bored.

I've busied myself with starting the fasci-

nating story of *The Wind Blows Free*, and am positive that I will enjoy the complete story.

I also read the other two fiction stories and cannot say which I liked more. *The Cherry Tree* was good in itself, but *Doubtful Dog* seemed to make me relive the worry and expectancy of a few years ago when my dog ran away and we were not sure she'd come back since she'd been with us only a week.

KATHY GOLDBERG (age 14)

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK: I'm glad *Double Date* ended the way it did. I plan to read the book for more details, but the condensed version rated an "A" with me. I only hope *The Wind Blows Free* is as good.

By You is a marvelous addition to our magazine. The art award by Irene Detweiler in May's magazine certainly deserved the prize.

I think you have very interesting stories, but I'd like to read some about ballet dancing and horses.

KAY PINCKNEY (age 15)

POONA, INDIA: Here in India, I yearn for far-off America and my friends. With *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, I can keep up with the latest fashions and what's happening in Scouting.

I was a Girl Scout back home in Bronxville, New York, and I am going to try to be a Girl Guide here.

I think that "*Good Dog, Forward!*" in your May, 1951 issue, and *Simple Snowplow*, in your January, 1952 issue, were thrilling, and I hope that you will have more dog stories in the future.

Because I thought the serial *A Girl Called Hank* was so exciting, I sent for that book, along with *On My Honor* and *Miss America*, reviewed in your magazine.

I think *By You* is super, and I especially liked "*Christmas in a Concentration Camp*." I love *Jokes and Books*, and I enjoy *All Over the Map*.

Congratulations on a truly wonderful magazine.

SALLY KERR (age 11)

BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA: I have taken *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for two years. I don't think I have ever received a better issue than the May issue.

The thing I liked most was *Teen-Ager . . . Italian Style*. I think that the whole series is very interesting.

The fashions in this issue were lovely and very helpful as I am getting that type of dress for graduation. The dress on the cover was darling.

I am a Girl Scout in Troop 71 in Berkeley,

so your articles on Scouting are more than welcome, because they help a lot in earning badges.

JEAN WENTWORTH (age 13)

DALLAS, TEXAS: I was inspired by your *Recipe Exchange* to start a collection of recipes as one of my hobbies. I enjoy collecting them very much.

I am a Girl Scout and so, of course, your articles on Scouts are very much of interest to me also.

JUDY BARBER (age 12)

STORAUGEN, SWEDEN: I have had *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for several years. Some relations in America send it to me. I live in a village about six miles outside of Stockholm, the capital of Sweden. I was born in Sweden, so I speak the Swedish language better than the American. We have two canary birds, Dagwood and Blondie. Last summer they had two batches of little birds and now they have some little ones again (brylets). When the birds first are born they are very ugly, but just now they are quite cute.

Here in Sweden school is different from most American schools. We have religion, French, English, Swedish, German, mathematics, geography, history (two kinds), physics, natural history, sewing, drawing, gymnastics, and music. We take these subjects one hour to five hours a week. We have to go to school on Saturdays, too, and have from three to four different subjects a day for homework, mostly four, but sometimes six. In my school we are not allowed to wear lipstick at all, even the ones who are eighteen years old. We are not allowed to wear checked slacks, the kind of which are so popular in America now. And we may not eat any ice cream or candy either in or out of school, but if we obey that rule completely—you may decide for yourself! We have to wear uniforms the whole time we are in school. And only girls go to the school. I do not think that American girls would like that so much. But I like it very much. I like our uniform and I think that we are like a big happy family, all of the girls and the teachers.

I also take dancing—tote and ballet—two hours a week, and piano lessons two hours a week. So my days are a bit crowded!

My hobbies are drawing, writing, reading, ice skating, swimming, baby sitting, and nature. I like music very much and can play the mouth organ. My school friends like me to play popular music for them.

In Sweden we do not have Valentine's Day, Hallowe'en, or Thanksgiving. But we have our own holidays, for example, Midsummer. Then we put up the Midsummer-pole (it is like a Maypole) on Midsummer

Even, the twenty-third of June, and dance around it until late in the evening. We pick the wild flowers ourselves for dressing the Midsummerpole. There are contests and fireworks. We are very tired when at last we go to bed.

ANNE BARROLE (age 14)

NEW CANAAN, CONNECTICUT: I am a member of Mariner Troop 2 in New Canaan, Connecticut, and I am very much interested in *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, which I have read faithfully now for several years. I love it.

The story of *The Cherry Tree* was extremely good and your good grooming and dating articles are very helpful.

I have three pen pals, two in Scotland, one in England. I have just recently started with the Scotch friends so I have not sent them *THE AMERICAN GIRL* as yet, but my English friend loves it and wants me to send it more regularly.

If you have any more articles on sports, please print them because they are not only helpful to me but my teacher for gym is very interested in them. She thought your volleyball article was very good.

Your fashions are wonderful and I often get them.

CAROL ANNE ROCKWELL (age 15)

ST. PETERSBURG, FLORIDA: I thought the article, *A Voice Is Heard*, was just wonderful. And need I say it really set me thinking. Is there any 'job' one can get, helping, or pertaining to, the relationships between the countries? Do they send American teenagers to foreign countries, as the Herald Tribune Forum sent the teen-agers over here? And if they do, how do they get picked? I would really be interested in finding out the answers to these questions.

JEAN WRIGHT

RICHMOND, INDIANA: I especially enjoy your fashions. One other thing I like is the Singer Sewing ads and your patterns. These ads and patterns give me ideas for my wardrobe and for things to make in my sewing class at school.

I wish you would put an article in *THE AMERICAN GIRL* on summer jobs for girls from the ages of about twelve to fifteen years. I would appreciate this very much because I am trying to earn money for camp.

ELAINE SMITH (age 13)

PRATTSBURG, NEW YORK: I enjoyed *Teen-Ager... Italian Style* very much. I thought *A Voice Is Heard* especially good. I feel you are doing a lot toward world peace by telling us how young people live in other countries. I hope other girls will realize, as I have, that race, color, and nationality are the only difference between us and the young people in other lands. I hope, too, that they realize the things we have in common: the ambitions, dreams, hopes, and that we all are doing what we can to bring about world peace.

CAROL MILLER (age 13)

LEWSDOWN, ENGLAND: My friend and I think your magazine is wonderful, but we have a few criticisms to make.

Teen-Ager... British Style made English teen-agers' lives sound dull and lifeless, which they certainly are not. We have a lot more fun than that anyhow, and so do all our friends. We adored your serial story *Double Date*, but *Benediction of the Bells* was the worst we have read yet.

THE AMERICAN GIRL

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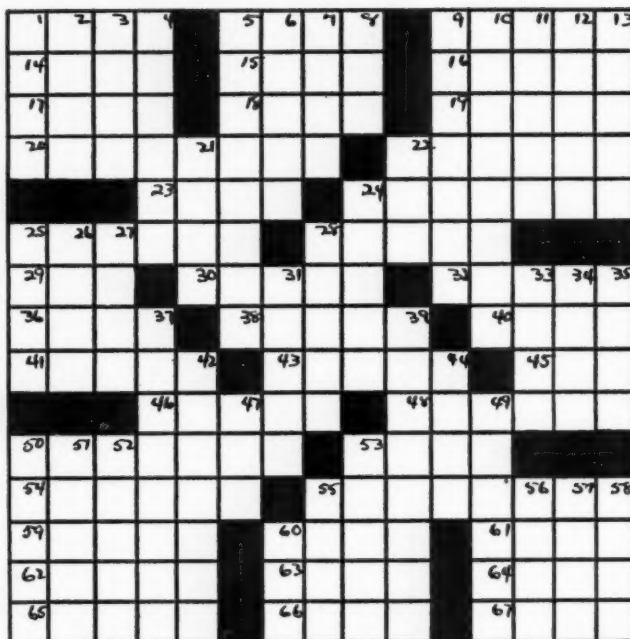
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28. Barter
29. Exist
30. Follow
32. Fragrant root
36. Heavy metal
38. Lure
40. Bristle
41. After
43. Turning core
45. Number
46. Direct to
48. Galley with two banks of oars

DOWN

50. Hand over
53. Particle
54. Omitted
55. Dramatic spectacles
59. Ore digger
60. Pungent flavor
61. Challenge
62. Brain passages
63. Operatic air
64. Eternity
65. Concise
66. Legumen
67. Shoal
1. Fashions
2. Departure
3. Row of seats
4. Property
5. Inactive
6. Strong rope
7. On the sheltered side
8. Meshed fabric
9. Second part (music)
10. Adhesive stickers
11. Hurt
12. Varnish ingredient

13. Brushed away

21. Blood
22. Tibetan gazelle
24. Crawled
25. Summon
26. Surface
27. Animal flesh
28. Abnormal tissue growth
31. More withered
33. Network
34. A separate article
35. Of sound mind
37. Mockers
39. Large sled
42. Opposite
44. Ceremony
47. Supplied with food
49. Primer
50. To lower
51. Select group
52. Large ship
53. Frenzy
55. Peel
56. Part of a church
57. Woody plant
58. Slave
60. Small flap

For solution, turn to page 58

There are no magazines for teen-agers like this in England.

SANDRA MENSON (age 14)

ELISABETH PEDDER (age 14)

CAZENOVIA, NEW YORK: I enjoyed *Teen-Ager... Italian Style* very much, especially because I come from Europe. Austria to be exact. I love your fashions, and I'm using your patterns quite a bit. I'd like to see more stories like *Double Date* in your magazine. I am a Girl Scout and your Scouting articles help me a lot.

LYDIA SOBOLEV (age 13)

HARDWICK, VERMONT: Your fashions and hairdos and other things are slick and wonderful. They have helped my friends and me very much.

We use this book at school in our home-economics class. Our teacher thinks it slick. My friends and I say it has everything a girl needs to know and have.

MARILYN MARCKRES (age 14)

GMUNDEN, AUSTRIA: Now you get a letter from two girls in Upper Austria. We like your magazine very much. At the U. S. Information Center at Gmunden we can read it. We also can borrow there many good books written in English or in German.

Gmunden is a nice little town situated at the Lake Fraun near many mountains. At Gmunden we are visiting the grammar school, where we are learning English and Latin. Every day we have to get up early, for we are living at a distance from Gmunden (Dietly, twelve kilometers, and Elte, eighteen kilometers), and we reach our school by a train. Last year two girls who went with us and with our train to school went to the United States, and this year another one of our girl friends did so.

We are always very interested in your reports about the American Girl Scouts. Here in Austria we go in for various kinds of sports as swimming, skiing, mountaineering, and tennis. At school we're doing a lot of ball games, gymnastics, and so on.

Now we send you many greetings, and please excuse our mistakes!

DIETLY STREIT (age 12)

ELTE VON SCHLUETTER (age 14)

PORTLAND, OREGON: I am a fourth cousin of the poet, Keats. Believe me, my whole family rejoiced over the story in your May issue, *The Cherry Tree*. We are very devoted to the works of English poets and authors. Congratulations on a truly wonderful magazine. The covers, stories, and articles are simply wonderful.

My friends and I would like it very much if you could run a story on movie stars.

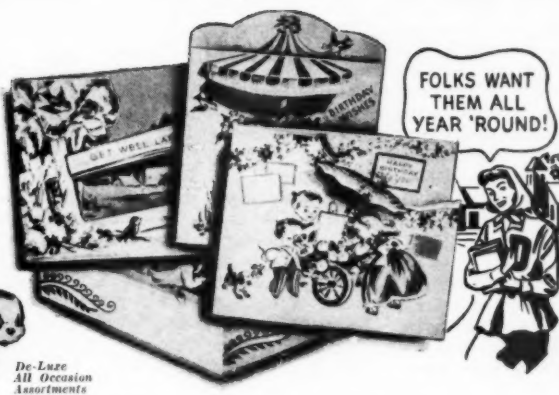
NINA KEATS (age 13)

PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA: Your May issue was exceptionally good. *The Wind Blows Free* sounds like a wonderful story. *Doubtful Dog* was swell, but I didn't like *The Cherry Tree* very well. *How's Your Smile?* was good too. Your fashions are always wonderful. I always enjoy *Books, By You, The Music Stand, Speaking of Movies*, and most of all, *A Penny for Your Thoughts*. The joke section is okay, but I'll leave that to my little brother, who, like your jokes, is corny. The dress on your May cover girl is truly sweet.

ELAINE ROSENTHAL (age 12)

Please send your letters to The American Girl, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, N. Y., and tell us your age and address.

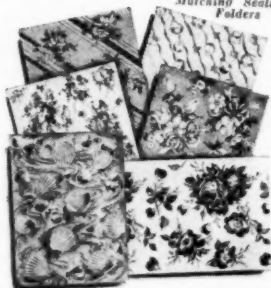
OUR NEIGHBORS ARE
EAGER TO BUY THESE
LOVELY CARDS AT
ONLY \$1.00 A BOX!



FOLKS WANT
THEM ALL
YEAR 'ROUND!



Artiest Gift Wrapping,
Matching Seals,
Folders



MY PALS ALL SAY THE GIFT
WRAPPINGS ARE KEEN!



"Petal
Script" Stationery,
Decorated Envelopes



Gift and
Thank You
Cards for Everyday

If your church or club wants a quick and easy way to raise funds all year 'round—write us, giving your name, name and address of your church or club, and name of person in charge of fund raising. By return mail we will send our valuable guide for groups, "The Doebla Money-Raising Plan," together with sample kits, on approval.

No Wonder So Many "Debs" Make \$50 Easily

without taking a job or putting
in regular hours . . . AND WITHOUT EXPERIENCE

HERE'S an easy, friendly way to make extra money for the things you want to buy. Just SHOW lovely new Doebla Christmas and All Occasion Greeting Card and Stationery Assortments to your friends, neighbors or relatives.

These assortments are so exceptionally beautiful—and so reasonably priced—that folks are happy to give you big orders. Their exquisite designs, glowing warm colors and exciting new features delight all who see them. NO EXPERIENCE IS NEEDED—our Free Book shows you how even beginners make money right from the start. You make as much as 60¢ on each box.

You Make Money—and Friends, Too

Everybody these days needs and buys greeting cards the whole year 'round. That's why it's so easy to make extra money and new friends, merely by showing something that everybody wants—and buys—anyway. Many church groups, girls' clubs, and other organizations also use this same highly successful method of raising funds.

Yours for Free Trial—Everything You Need to Start Earning Immediately

Mail the Free Trial Coupon below NOW. We will send you everything you need to begin making money right away. A few lovely sample assortments on approval. Complete details about quick cash earnings. Free samples of personal Stationery and new "Name-Imprinted" Christmas Cards. Also FREE BOOK showing how others make extra money this way and how you can, too.

SEND NO MONEY—MAIL COUPON

Mail coupon—without obligation. If friends don't "snap up" samples—and ask for more—return them at our expense. Don't miss this chance to make new friends and the extra money you want for gifts, clothes, good times. Mail the coupon NOW—before you forget! HARRY DOEHLA CO., Studio A-47, Nashua, N. H. (Or if you live west of the Rockies—mail coupon to Palo Alto, Cal.)

IT'S FUN MAKING EXTRA
MONEY THIS WAY!



Miniature
and
Novelty Cards



HARRY DOEHLA CO., Studio A-47

(If you live East of Rockies,
address Nashua Office)

Please rush—for FREE TRIAL—sample boxes on approval and money-making plan. Free samples of Stationery and "Name-Imprinted" Christmas Cards—and FREE Book, "How to Make Money and Friends—Showing Doebla Greeting Cards."

Name..... (Please Print)

Address.....

City..... State.....

Beginner Gets 10 Orders in 1/2 Hour



"I received these ten orders in about thirty minutes at a family dinner today. Everyone just 'ah'd' and 'oh'd' over your cards. It's going to be very easy and enjoyable."—Rita J. Shaw, New York.

11-Year-Old Makes \$17.95 First Week—After School



"In three and a half hours the very first day, I got orders for 20 Doebla Box Assortments. By the end of the week, I had orders for 25 more boxes—45 all told—including many for Petal Script Stationery. So you see I have made \$17.95 for myself in just one week."—Marjorie Richardson, New York.



Earnings Pay Her Way At Nurses' School

"While in Nurses course I made practically all my expenses selling Doebla cards. Now I am graduated, but I wouldn't drop my card business for anything because it does not seem like work, but is a pleasure."—Dorothy Nephew, Registered Nurse, California.

Earnings Pay For Bicycle, Clothes, Piano

"I enjoy selling your beautiful cards, stationery, wrapping paper, etc. I don't get too much time to sell them when I am going to school. I have earned enough for a new bicycle, and most of my clothes—and now I have nearly enough for a piano. I am glad I found your easy way of earning money."—Miss B. P. Wisconsin.

Mail Free-Trial Coupon—Without Money or Obligation

Headline News in Girl Scouting

❖ "Is this for *real*?" was the question in the eyes of the children of the Powha and Samsung orphanages in Seoul, Korea, as an American general and his aides presented them with boxes of colorful dresses, shirts, pinafores; shoes, overalls, suits; and, wonder of wonders, toys!

General G. C. Mudgett answered the unspoken question when he told the children that the clothing and toys were indeed for them—gifts from a group of nine Girl Scout troops in Arlington, Virginia. The general's family lives in Arlington, and when his wife told a Girl Scout group of some of her husband's experiences in visiting Korean orphanages, and of the great need for clothing and toys for the war-orphaned children there, the troops started out to do something to help. They collected several boxes of clothing and toys, put them in good order, and sent them to General Mudgett. The Girl Scouts asked him to give their sincere good wishes to the Korean children, and to tell them that the American girls hoped they would enjoy using the toys and clothing as much as they had enjoyed collecting them.

There are thousands of children, from infants to sixteen years old, in Seoul's crowded orphanages. The government allowance provides their food, but there are not enough funds for good, warm clothing or toys. Is it any wonder that the Korean children, in sending their thanks for the gifts, asked the general to tell the American girls that they wished "showers of blessings to Girl Scouts America?"

❖ More news of international-friendship activities has recently come to us from the Pacific. Across the Sea of Japan from Korea, another group of Girl Scouts has been helping build international good will. On Hokkaido, the northernmost island of Japan, a troop of Brownie Girls Scouts made colorful Easter baskets, filled them with gifts, and presented them to a group of little Japanese girls at the island's Mission Sunday School.

These Brownies are the daughters of American Army personnel stationed in Japan, and are putting into practice, far away from home, the program and principles of Girl Scouting.

❖ During United Nations Week in Rochester, New York, the city's Girl Scouts collected the largest number of signatures to a pledge to support the United Nations. As a reward, the Rochester Association for the United Nations and the Rochester Girl Scout organization sponsored a trip to New York City for a representative group of the Scouts. The trip included a tour of the UN headquarters, where the girls attended several of the sessions, and presented to Mr. James B. Orrick, Chief of the Section for Non-Governmental Organizations at the UN, a scroll with 23,000 signatures from their city pledging support to the United Nations.

❖ A first-aid course in a firehouse can be pretty exciting, as Davenport, Iowa, Girl Scouts of Troop 37 have learned. Despite incoming alarms and engines rolling, however, the troop did so well that they earned both the Girl Scout First Aid badge and also the American Red Cross first aid



This is not an international Virginia Reel, but American Brownies in Japan playing Easter bunny to Japanese girls from a mission school

Below: "Poor Joe" seems to be introducing Captain Miller of the Davenport, Iowa, Fire Department, who helped teach Troop 37 first aid

Davenport Morning Democrat



U.S. Army Photo

Sgt. T. Weakley

All Over the Map

U.S. Army Photo

PFC Maturo

In Seoul, Korea, clothing and other gifts from Girl Scouts of Arlington, Virginia, are distributed to war orphans by General G. C. Mudgett

certificate, in the junior rank.

Nineteen girls and three adults took the nine-weeks course, which was given by the captain and a lieutenant at the station of Engine Company 6. It meant very early dinners for girls and adults, but they faithfully attended all of the weekly two-hour sessions. In addition to the standard Junior American Red Cross first-aid course, one session was devoted to an explanation of the use of resuscitators and the kinds of cases in which



this equipment can successfully be used.

For a "Thank-you" to their firemen teachers, the class created "Poor Joe," a battered individual which wore arm and leg splints made of copies of current magazines, packages of candy, cigarettes, and gum. Into his head and hip bandages were tucked pocket-size books. At the close of the last session, "Poor Joe" was carried in on an emergency blanket stretcher—mute evidence of how well the class had learned first aid!

Just to say "the Black Hills of South Dakota" brings a sense of adventure, and Senior Service Scouts of Hebron, North Dakota, found troop camping in the Black Hills a wonderful experience.

To earn money for the trip, these Seniors gave a play, sold refreshments at concessions, held food sales, sold magazine subscriptions. It was raining the morning they finally started out in an Army truck, but weather had no effect on their high spirits. When they reached Lake Roubaix in the Black Hills late that afternoon, the girls put up their pup tents and slept out, but most of the adults slept in the log lodge built by the Forest Service. Meals were cooked on camp stoves which they had brought with them.

With Lake Roubaix as their base, the group took day-long trips to such world-

ters, and when Princess Elizabeth (now Queen Elizabeth II) and her husband, the Duke of Edinburgh, visited British Columbia on their tour of Canada, the Victoria Guides invited the Seattle Scouts to be part of the Guard of Honor which welcomed the royal visitors. Intermediate Troop 121, Mariner Troop 453, and Senior Troop 619 accepted the invitation. The Intermediates and the Mariners went by boat, the Seniors by plane.

In Victoria, the Girl Scouts were entertained at tea by Victoria's Commissioner of Girl Guides, and then went by special bus to take their places in the lane of welcome at the official reception for the distinguished guests. Later the Guides and Scouts were taken to a Community Hall, where supper was served by the Guides, and all enjoyed games, community singing, and a Scouts' Own.

The Seniors and Intermediates returned to Seattle shortly afterward, but the Mariners made a longer visit. At Thunderbird Park they again saw the Princess and Duke, when they reviewed the Indian ceremonial dances. Following this, the Mariners lunched with the Guide commander and captains, and then left for home by boat.

The Girl Scouts are now hoping that their Girl Guide friends will be their guests in Seattle in August, for the Centennial Sea Fair celebration.

chores of fire building, cooking, clothes washing. There was even a canvas-enclosed shower bath, with a sprinkling can suspended from a high pole to furnish the water. The float has well repaid the troop for the time and work that goes into making it by the interest it has aroused in the Girl Scout camping program.

Work and play, fun and service have made a well-rounded, full program for Troop 1 of Allen, Nebraska. Through their activities, this troop has done an excellent job of interpreting for the community the practical application of the Girl Scout Laws.

One of their most successful community-service projects is an annual sale of homemade cookies for the benefit of Allen's polio fund. Each girl brings her contribution of homemade cookies to the leader's home, where Cellophane bags are filled with an assortment of a dozen cookies each. The girls take pride in bringing especially delicious cookies, and they sell very quickly.

The troop also has made posters for the Red Cross drives; helped the local Christmas Seal committee with their mailings; made tray favors for the Junior Red Cross.

All of the girls look forward eagerly to summer and troop camping. They plan the schedules, menus, and campfire activities, and camp intents borrowed from the Boy Scouts, either in the open country or at the Poca State Park. Having taken the Red Cross swimming course last summer, the troop has planned several swimming parties for this year at a nearby pool, in addition to their regular camping. The local Boy Scouts who have generously loaned their tents also have had the girls as their guests at one of the Boy Scout birthday parties; the girls, in turn, have served at a Boy Scout banquet.

In dramatics, two of their most successful undertakings have been a mock-radio entertainment for which the script was written by two of the girls, with all the troop taking part, and a one-act play which they presented twice last spring.

As for international friendship—the troop has corresponded with Girl Guides in Holland, and at the present time is writing to a troop of Girl Guides in the Scottish highlands. They have a fine collection of interesting letters, gifts, postcards, and snapshots which have come from their Scotch friends.

All in all, these Nebraska Girl Scouts seem to have a mighty fine program.

There are few better places to learn many of the things needed to earn the Child Care badge than a department-of-health bureau and a day nursery. So Troop 98 of Inglewood, California (in the Centinela Valley Girl Scout Council) felt that they were very fortunate to be asked to visit these health centers.

To show their appreciation for the help given them, the troop made and equipped two baby trays for the nurses' demonstration classes. Tins which had held motion-picture film, painted white and trimmed with decals, made the trays. Attractively shaped jars were trimmed with decals and their lids were painted baby blue. A bar of soap, safety pins, cotton balls, and toothpick swabs completed the equipment for these very useful trays. As a "Thank-you" to the day nursery, the girls made gay scrapbooks.

"Something for nothing" has no part in the creed of these Girl Scouts! THE END

Metropolitan Photo Service

Robert T. Olsen



At UN Headquarters, Rochester, New York, Scouts present scroll to Mr. James B. Orrick

famous spots as Mount Rushmore, Sylvan Lake, and Bridal Veil Falls. They explored some of the larger caves in the area and visited Rim Rock Lodge and the Spearfish Hatchery. The fact that the weather remained unco-operative did not spoil their enjoyment. The tent campers, however, did decide to move into the lodge, where brightly burning fires made everything warm and snug and cheerful.

The campers started out shortly after daylight on the morning of the return trip. It was still misty, but sometimes the sun broke through and gave them glimpses of the impressive scenery. At Lemon, South Dakota, they stopped to visit a large, interesting collection of petrified woods. Then, after a wash and brushup, they piled into the truck for the last leg of the homeward trip.

A warm friendship, which began with one letter, has developed between Girl Guides of Victoria, British Columbia, and Girl Scouts of Seattle, Washington. The groups have exchanged visits as well as let-

From Brownie days to Senior Service Scouting, the girls of Troop 58 in Cheyenne, Wyoming, have worked and played together under the same leader. Camping is one of their special activities, and the float which they have entered for the past two years in the Cheyenne Frontier Days parade reflects their enthusiasm.

The Cheyenne Frontier Days celebration is a five-day event. The parade is held on the second and fourth days. In it are State and city officials, a queen and her court of pretty girls, American Indians in full regalia from a nearby reservation. There are bands of all kinds, and ladies in costumes of other days riding in everything from old-fashioned sleighs (mounted on rollers for the occasion!) to stagecoaches and red-wheeled, rubber-tired buggies.

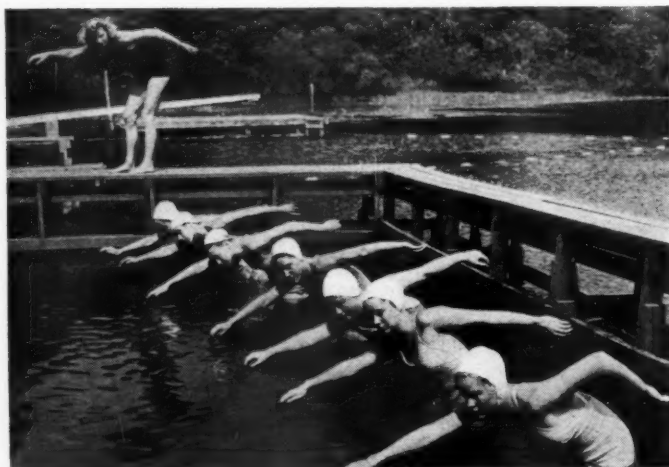
As the float of Girl Scout Troop 58 rolled along in the midst of all this color and gaiety, it drew rounds of applause. It showed a typical camp scene, from tent to lashed washstand and toasting fork, with the girls and their leader busy at the usual camp



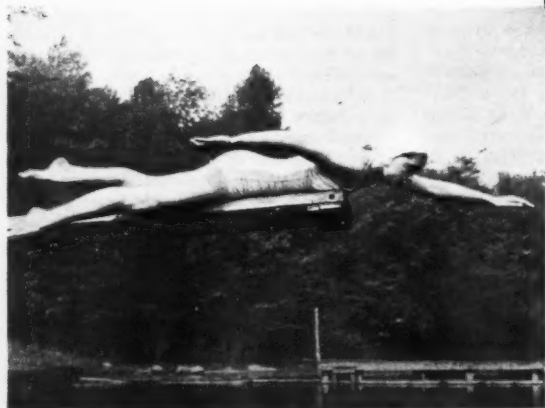
The Water's

Left: Real swimming skill may save a life—yours included. Knowing how to meet an emergency in the water, whether it is during a flood or at a family picnic on the beach, is important to everyone from six to sixty. Are you doing your part in preparing for such an emergency? Ask your leader to help you find out about swimming and lifesaving programs in your community. If you're over sixteen, check with your local Red Cross chapter about courses in survival aquatics

Stunts, games, fun, and frolic await the girl who can hold her own in the water. Whether you're just beginning to paddle about or are as super at swimming as a seal, you'll find water activities geared to your particular skills, for swimming is one of the most popular sports. In addition, being able to conduct yourself with confidence in the water makes it possible for you to participate in other aquatic sports, such as diving, canoeing, sailing, and helps you feel you're really "in the swim" with the gang



If you are already an expert swimmer, you will be able to do a good deed by offering to teach the small fry how to master that first fundamental, feeling at home in the water. Toddlers of two or three can begin to splash around enough to lose whatever fear of the water they may have. At six or so, little sister will be ready to think seriously about swimming. Why not ask your troop leader to help you plan some water activities for your family? Check your library for books on water games



Left: Far from satisfied with your present figure? Problems about your posture bothering you a bit? Experts say that swimming is the best possible exercise for all-around development of your body. Practice strokes lying on a diving board as the girl shown here is doing, and you will see how many of the muscles you don't ordinarily use in daily doings get a good workout when you swim. And remember, too, that there's nothing like a good brisk swim to make you feel aglow with health from top to toe! Just try it and see!

Attention sportslovers: Look to swimming for safety, fun, health, and helping others

Fine

by CATHARINE C. REILEY

WHO was the first swimmer in the world? Nobody knows, but chances are whoever he was, back in history's dim past, he didn't swim for fun! Probably it was some sheer accident like an unexpected tumble into a river that made him realize that he could swim and would have to swim or sink.

But since that day, men and women, boys and girls have been swimming for fun as well as survival. Let's look at a few did-you-know? highlights on the history of this exciting sport. Did you know: That the ancient Greeks considered knowing how to swim an important part of one's education? That the first book about swimming was written in 1538? That the Australian crawl, originated by Richard Cavill of Sydney, Australia, was introduced in America in 1904? That women swimmers were allowed to compete in the Olympics for the first time in 1920? That more than half of the people in the United States take part in swimming activities?

Yes, swimming is fun, but it also has a serious side called "survival aquatics," which means being prepared to take care of yourself in the water under emergency conditions. At a recent meeting of the Conference for National Cooperation in Aquatics, a definite program was set up for making you and you and you more capable of taking care of yourself and others in the water. The objectives set up by this conference are these:

"National emphasis on survival aquatics should help persons of all ages overcome fear of the water, develop confidence, and achieve beginning aquatic fundamentals. Persons who can swim should then gain the ability to take care of themselves in the water under normal conditions and learn how to teach others these skills. Finally, average swimmers should be encouraged and assisted in gaining proficiency to master survival-aquatic skills that will qualify them to meet successfully emergency situations."

The Girl Scouts is one of the many groups in communities all over the nation which are taking part in encouraging this important program. Standard tests of proficiency in survival set up by the Conference for National Cooperation in Aquatics are as follows:

Survival for beginners: Jump, feet first, into water over the head in depth, level off, swim forty-five feet, turn over on back and remain afloat for fifteen

GIRLS!



ENJOY YOURSELF

while making
**EXTRA
MONEY**
in spare time

IT'S SO VERY EASY!

Show Schoolmates, Friends, Neighbors
Lovely New Gifts, Christmas Cards,
Stationery and Gift Wrappings

It's exciting to have your own money—for whatever you want or need. Now, you can make extra cash for clothes, camp, entertainment, activities, vacation, pocket money or a bank account of your own.

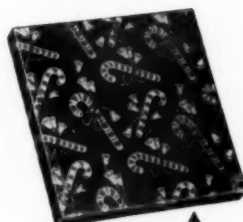
It's so easy—no experience is needed. You just show the folks you know exquisite greeting card assortments for Christmas and every occasion, gorgeous stationery, novel Sewing Kits, Gift Wrappings, Kiddie Books, famous Art Reproductions, unusual new gifts and novelties. Everything is so beautiful and inexpensive folks will buy on sight.

Big Cash Profits For You Or Your Group

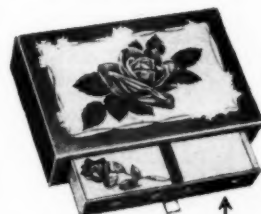
This is a really grand way to increase your allowance, or your group's treasury. Cash in on fast, pleasant profits to 100%. Thomas Terry helps you every step of the way. Get all the details today. The sooner you start—the more fun you have—the more money you make.



21 GORGEOUS NEW
CHRISTMAS CARDS
Only \$1.00



EXCLUSIVE
MATCHED ENSEMBLE OF
CHRISTMAS GIFT WRAPPINGS



BEAUTIFUL GIFT CHEST OF
FRAGRANTLY SCENTED STATIONERY



LOVABLE
HANSEL
AND
GRETEL
FIGURINES

THOMAS TERRY STUDIOS
452 Union Ave., Westfield, Mass.

**You Make Money
Real Fast
The Thomas Terry Way!**

"I have sold as high as \$25.00 worth of orders in one day. That's approximately \$12.00 profit to me."

Mary Woods, Ind.

"They sell themselves. One woman gave me an order for almost \$8.00, and will order still more for Christmas."

Mrs. Willis, Mass.



BRIGHT
AND GAY
COMIC "ACTION"
CHRISTMAS CARDS

GROUPS, ORGANIZATIONS . . . RAISE CASH THIS EASY WAY!

Send No Money—Start At Once. Just rush the coupon for handsome Home Demonstrators of actual samples and tested selling aids, plus new Best Sellers on approval and samples of exquisite Personal Christmas Cards selling for as low as 2 1/2¢ with name imprinted.

**MAIL COUPON NOW
for HOME DEMONSTRATORS**

Personalized Christmas Cards,
Initial, Scented and Floral
Stationery, Gifts
—plus BEST SELLERS ON APPROVAL

THOMAS TERRY STUDIOS
452 Union Ave., Westfield, Mass.

Please rush me your Home Demonstrators and actual Best Sellers on approval, with all details of how I can make extra money quickly.

(Check one square and fill in space below.)

☐ Selling for myself. ☐ Selling for a group.

Name.....

Address.....

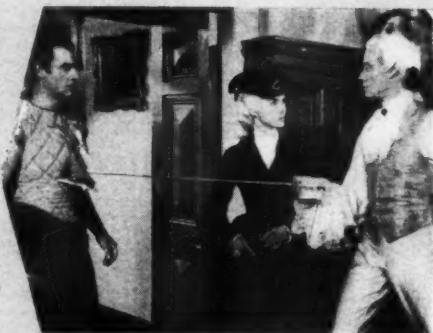
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SPEAKING OF MOVIES



WALK EAST ON BEACON—A picture, based on a "Reader's Digest" article by J. Edgar Hoover and made with the co-operation of the F.B.I., which is a "must see." It is a factual story of the infiltration of Communist spies into a top-secret American scientific project, and of the methods used by the F.B.I. to foil them. From beginning to end it is packed with thrills, chills, and excitement. The fine cast includes George Murphy, Virginia Gilmore, Karel Stepanek, and Louisa Horton. (Columbia)

SCARAMOUCHE — You won't want to miss Stewart Granger in the role of Sabatini's famous hero, Andre Moreau, who disguises himself as the clown. Scaramouche, to outwit his enemies. It is a stirring, swiftly moving tale, filled with the danger, color, and romance of the early days of the French Revolution. Janet Leigh and Eleanor Parker play the lady-in-waiting and the actress who love Granger; Mel Ferrer is the marquis who is his adversary in politics and love. A Technicolor picture. (M-G-M)



IVORY HUNTER—This exciting picture of present-day adventure was filmed in gorgeous Technicolor in the East African jungle. It is the story of a game warden who sets out with his wife and young son to establish a game refuge in the jungle. There are thrilling battles with ivory poachers; breath-taking shots of charging elephants and rhinos, of prowling leopards and lions. The picture received England's highest film award—selection for this year's Royal Film Performance. (Univ.-Int'l)

PAULA—In an unavoidable automobile accident, Paula Rogers (Loretta Young) injures a young orphan, Davey Larson (Tommy Rettig). Davey loses his speech as a result of the accident, and Paula persuades her husband (Kent Smith) to allow her to bring the boy into their home, so that she can work with him in the difficult process of regaining his speech. Because of the accident Paula is involved in serious trouble, and in the dramatic ending it is Davey who decides her fate. (Columbia)



by BERTHA JANCKE LUECK

seconds, turn over to front swimming position, and return to starting point.

Survival for average swimmers: (a) *Relaxed Self-support:* float or rest in a floating position two minutes with minimum movement necessary for support. (b) *Strokes:* swim the following three strokes in acceptable form for forty yards each: side strokes, elementary back stroke, breast stroke. (c) *Distance swim:* swim two hundred yards, using one or more of the required three strokes. (d) *Submerging and underwater swim:* submerge, feet first, to a depth of six or eight feet and swim twenty feet underwater. (e) *Jumping and Self-support:* step off platform ten feet above water level, wearing shirt and shorts or skirt, with head up, body straight and vertical, feet and legs together and extended, arms crossed on chest, elbows held close to body with hands grasping shirt at shoulders. Stay afloat for five minutes in a restricted area.

How do your swimming skills rate on these tests? Fair? Good? Fine? Many people will be glad to help you do your part in this program. Ask your leader to help you find the places in your community where you can learn to swim or improve your swimming skills. She may suggest your local chapter of the Red Cross and your local "Y."

First, be prepared; then, "Come on in, the water's fine!"

THE END

Let's Take A Picture

(Continued from page 19)

Camera Elevation: Hold your camera at waist level; or chest level; get down on one knee; stand on a step or higher ground than your subject to give your pictures an exciting angle. When picturing pets and other animals, keep your camera down to the subject's eye level or lower and your subject will look more attractive.

Right to Left Position: Standing directly in front of your subject is only one way to take a picture. You can achieve interesting results by photographing from the right or left side of your subject, too. Experiment with this procedure.

Light: You don't always have to stand with the sun behind your camera. With the sun to one side, or even directly behind your subject, you can get equally good, and sometimes even better, results.

Some definite "do's" and you're ready to snap your picture: Do hold your camera firmly braced against your cheek or body. Do hold your breath when taking the picture to avoid any chance camera movement. Do push the shutter release gently instead of shoving it. Do turn the film to the next picture immediately after each shot, to avoid double exposures. Do check to see that your fingers are not in front of the lens.

Fun for the future lies in the many phases of photography you can go into once you have mastered the fundamentals. The techniques for flash photography, color photography, taking pictures indoors, time exposures can be found in books on photography available at your public library or camera store.

But today, tomorrow, and every day, begin by thinking your picture through. Remember it's the girl behind the camera, not the camera itself, that counts.

THE END

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My Crazy Kid Brother (Continued from page 13)

I cried until Mom made me swallow a couple of aspirin tablets and drink a glass of hot milk.

"The swelling will be better tomorrow," she assured me.

In the morning I saw how right she was. The swelling was better; at least it was bigger. At breakfast I delivered my ultimatum. "Either those bees leave this ranch or I do."

"Aw, they're clear out in the alfalfa fields now," Chuck said. "We moved them last night. They won't bother you again."

I was about to object further when I saw Dad's worried face and I relented a little. "Couldn't you—"

"I wonder," Mom interrupted, "if you realize how necessary bees are to the pollination of alfalfa seed? Chuck has swarms in fields of seed growers as far as twenty miles away."

"Does that explain his running around all times of the night?" I asked.

"Sure, I move them at night," Chuck answered.

"Isn't there something we can do to hang on until I can get to teaching?" I asked, hoping that either Dad or Mom would assure me that there was. But neither one spoke. "Couldn't we mortgage some of the land? I would start paying it back as soon as I drew my first check," I promised.

Chuck looked at me with pity. "Gosh, Sis. Where you been? Don't you know we've got almost more stock than the home range can carry?"

I felt sick. I had no idea my folks were in that deep. I would have to get work, do something to help. What a disappointment it must be to my parents to have a son like Chuck, who wouldn't take things seriously!

It was three more days before the swelling went down enough so that I could go job hunting. Then I was too late. Dr. Tofers had hired a girl, but he sent me to another office where they needed help. That doctor was out of town. I bought a paper and saw that both of the local cafes were advertising for help. Shorty Neal's promised me a job during fairtime, but the following week the county-fair board met and voted to call off the fair because of the drought.

"Chuck will be disappointed about this," I told Mom, when I saw the notice in the paper. "Maybe now he'll have to peddle his honey around town."

When I showed him the notice, Chuck just shrugged his shoulders and went up to his room. The next morning he mailed a bunch of letters and inside of a week he announced that he was taking both bees and honey to the State fair at Huxton, one hundred and twenty miles east of us.

"Pretty risky," Dad said. "You haven't any idea of the size of the mob at the State fair."

Chuck kept on planning. Inside of ten minutes Mom was right with him. "I'll go too," she said, "and keep an eye on things."

There wasn't a thing Dad or I could say. We all went about on the gallop that week end getting them ready. I hid my disappointment and helped Mom dress chickens, bake cakes, and devil eggs enough for a threshing crew. I knew she wanted to keep their expenses at the fair grounds to the lowest possible figure. She never had been very cordial to my boy friend, Sid Doleman, but she asked to borrow his pup tent so Chuck could sleep near the bees. Chuck

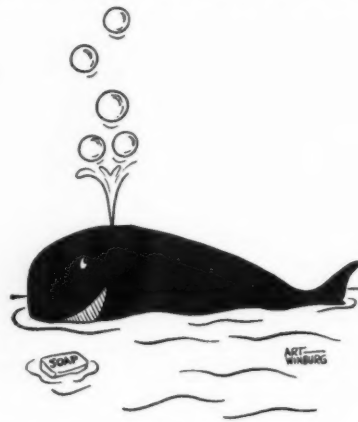
had already paid fifty dollars for his concession.

It seemed to me that Mom did the work, while Chuck spent most of his time with a swarm of bees. He talked to them and handled them every day. He even brought them up on the porch when I was upstairs one day. Once, riding past the granary, I heard him talking to someone about them.

"These bees will fly farther for nectar, bring in heavier loads of honey, and you can see how gentle—" I didn't hear anymore, but if he was trying to fool some poor fellow and get him to buy those bees because they wouldn't sting, I was sorry. When he came out, he was all alone. I told Dad about it the next morning as we rode up to pump water for the cattle.

"Loco, plumb loco," Dad said. "But he'll have to find out for himself that many of his ideas won't work. No one can tell him."

"I know that, but I want to try some of my ideas, too. If I can find a place to work



for my board, I'm going to borrow my tuition money. Mr. Green will take Bubbles and let me have him back when I return the money." I bent to stroke my pony's neck to hide my tears.

"I wouldn't do that," Dad said in a voice that shook a little. Then he added, "One good rain and we'd get by yet." They say hope blows in the wind on the prairie. Dad just couldn't give up.

The State fair was to open at noon, Monday, and continue for a full week. Mom and Chuck started before daylight that morning. I helped stow away bundles into every corner of the old car. I knew Chuck hoped to sell all his honey, but I couldn't see why he insisted on taking two swarms of bees. "Just imagine what will happen if they get loose on the fair grounds," I said.

That day was a scorcher. Dad and I made two trips to the upper pasture and pumped the well dry both times. Still the feeders didn't have enough water.

"We'll have to bring part of them down to the home pasture tomorrow," Dad said. I knew how he hated to do that, for the ground was bare, but they would at least have enough water. His face was gray when he led the horses to the stable. Shame flooded over me as I watched his sagging shoulders, his defeated look. I ran to catch up with him and linked my arm through his.

"Maybe it will rain," I said, studying the soft grayness filling the western sky. "But if it doesn't, I'll get a job in town and help

buy oil cake. We'll keep the cows and the heifer calves, at least; don't you worry."

Dad didn't say anything. There was neither hope nor happiness in him. Resentment flooded over me, resentment against this barren land where cattle bawled for water and men grew old before they were young. I wanted to get out and to help my folks get out too, and a teaching job was the only way I could see to do it.

But that night our rain came. By nine o'clock the soft mist had turned to a sprinkle, by half past it was really raining a soft steady rain, every drop soaking into thirsty soil. Dad and I stood on the porch watching the streaks of lightning that flashed occasionally far to the west. Every now and then one of us would step out into the yard and hold out our hands. We wiped more than raindrops from our faces when we went back inside.

It was still raining when we got up in the morning. Years had slipped from Dad's shoulders. He went whistling about his work as though the grass were already here. "Give us a good Indian summer and we'll pull through," he said.

Despite the rain, the week seemed to drag. Saturday morning Sid came over. He was so dressed up, I knew there was something in the wind.

"Buckle on your spurs, gal. We're heading for the State roundup," he called as soon as I came to the door.

We persuaded Dad to go with us. Sid's little roadster covers ground fast. We were at the fair gates by eleven A.M. Inside of ten minutes, we lost Dad. It was hard to believe that the exhibits we saw in the main hall were grown in our drought-stricken State. I was glad that Chuck had three blue ribbons. I recognized his stamp—a sprig of alfalfa, two leaves, and a blossom.

After lunch we started for the machinery hall. We seemed to be going against the crowd.

"Don't miss it," I heard one girl say to her companion when she bumped into me. "It's the biggest thrill on the grounds."

"I wonder what they pay him for that stunt?" a big fellow remarked as he shoved past us. Sid and I turned and followed.

"They say that boy gets a thousand dollars," a girl whispered to her companion.

Someone answered, "He's welcome to it."

We were pushed past a small building, and when I looked up I all but passed out. There was Chuck in a small transparent house built on an elevated platform. He was dressed in tennis shorts and an undershirt and was holding up a frame of honey just covered with bees.

"These bees will fly farther for their nectar, bring in heavier loads," his voice droned on in that singsong tone that I'd been hearing all summer. His little pests were crawling all over him. His act lasted twenty minutes, and I clutched Sid's hand and held my breath until it was over. Then we elbowed our way toward a small booth not far from a familiar-looking pup tent.

Mom was in the booth, but she wasn't doing anything. They had sold the last of the honey Wednesday afternoon. The Honey Producers' Association was paying Chuck one hundred dollars a day for the advertising stunt. The fair board was paying half that as a drawing attraction. He was going

on to an Eastern fair with them, Mom told us, her face shining as bright as a new copper kettle.

Dad kept muttering, "I'll be dang-swag-gled," over and over again.

Chuck came up while we were talking. He was just one big, two-legged grin. He threw an arm across my shoulder. "Go home and pack, Sis," he said. "You've been doing my work all summer so you deserve to be in on the kill." He chuckled as he shoved a roll of bills into my hand. "Get yourself some duds, too." Then he disappeared into the crowd while I stood there, stunned, tears of shame and happiness in my eyes. "You crazy, wonderful Chuck," I said. "I'll pay it back to you someday." THE END

These Made History

(Continued from page 22)

their stamina and general all-round usefulness. A statue of the stallion Justin Morgan has been erected near Middlebury, Vermont, and the farm where the statue stands belongs to the United States Government.

5. The Golden Dog

In old Quebec, built into a façade of a stone building which is more than two centuries old, is a tablet which has aroused much speculation. On the tablet is carved a dog gnawing on a bone; around the figure of the dog is an inscription in French, the name of the city, and the date—1736. Many stories and legends connect the dog with feuds, revenge, bloodshed, and tragedy, but the real truth of the matter has never been determined. It is one of history's little mysteries. Since the dog is gilded, it is known as Le Chien d'Or or The Golden Dog.

6. A Bull

Standing at the intersection of two main highways in Smithtown, Long Island, New York, is the bronze statue of a bull. This statue commemorates the legendary ride of the founder of the town. In 1663, Richard "Bull Rider" Smith received deeds for the area from the crown of England and from the Indians. Tradition says that "Bull" Smith was promised by Wyandanch, chief of the Nassaquake tribe, as much land as he could encircle in one day riding on a bull. Shrewdly mapping out his journey, he managed to encircle nearly all of what is now Smithtown. "Bread and Cheese Hollow" is so named because Smith is said to have stopped there to eat bread and cheese.

7. A Wolf

Near St. Albans, Vermont, there is a monument to a wolf which made life miserable for the early settlers. The story has it that the creature measured six feet in length and that there was great rejoicing when it was finally killed. The monument was not set up to honor the wolf, of course, but to commemorate the conquest of one of the threats of pioneer life.

8. The Boll Weevil

Cotton was formerly the single crop raised by the citizens of Enterprise, Coffee County, Alabama. One year the boll weevil caused such destruction to the cotton that the people were forced to look for other sources of income. They began to grow peanuts and to specialize in raising pigs and cattle. These efforts were so successful that in 1919 they gratefully erected a monument to the boll weevil as the cause of their prosperity.

THE END

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ing the following years many dramatic and unexpected things happened. Soon after Phumiphon and his family returned to Siam, his father, the beloved doctor-prince, died. Phumiphon's mother, on the advice of physicians and relatives, took her children to Switzerland for their education. This was in 1933.

While the family lived quietly in Switzerland, Siam underwent some startling changes. There was a revolution in Bangkok, a constitution was substituted for the old absolute monarchy, and King Prachadipok abdicated. Ananda, Phumiphon's older brother, was chosen to succeed to the throne. Siam changed its name to Thailand, although both names are used interchangeably in English. And finally, because of the mysteriously tragic death of his brother Ananda soon after he came to the throne, young Phumiphon suddenly found himself to be the new king of Siam.

It had been more fun to be the king's younger brother. Then Phumiphon had worked with his music (learning to play four instruments besides the piano) and spent many pleasant hours on his equally favorite hobby, photography. He had studied architecture at Lausanne University, for he loved to design houses. But now that he was really the king, he was studying law there. He lived with his mother, near his sister, enjoyed his hobbies and an occasional swift trip to Paris to check up on the latest warm-to-hot music.

One day he felt it would be a great help to have an accompanist who could play the scores and perhaps improvise a bit. He decided to look up a girl who liked jazz he had met at the Thai Embassy in Paris. That girl was Sirikit.

In succeeding weeks the two young people shared their common enthusiasm for music. The King found his accompanist was just right, too, for his other hobby, photography. Soon Sirikit's photograph album was filled with pictures of herself posed against Swiss backgrounds. Her lovely dark eyes, which could be grave or gay, her tremulous smile, and the dark hair that framed her face made the king forget completely that Sirikit could read a light meter or adjust a shutter speed. And so, in that land of breath-taking beauty, Switzerland, the royal romance grew and flourished.

Then one day Sirikit's father, the ambassador in London, received a sudden urgent summons to Switzerland from King Phumiphon. Without beating about the bush, the King asked the ambassador for his daughter's hand in marriage.

The following month, on August 12, 1949, Sirikit's birthday, an unusually large reception was held at the Thai Embassy in London. At the appropriate moment, amid flowers, music, and hearty cheers, the King's engagement to Mom Rajawongs Ying Sirikit was announced.

There was much to do, and little time to spare, for the King and his entourage would return to Bangkok in six months with Sirikit and her parents as members of the party. They were going back to their homeland for the most fantastic three months that two young people would ever experience. Clad in costumes more gorgeous than any in the Broadway musical, "The King and I," they would be the leading figures in a

pageantry more intricate, and an etiquette more formal, than in many a large court. The first event would be the cremation of the King's elder brother, the late King Ananda. The second, the wedding of the King and Sirikit. The third, the coronation.

On that hot March day, when Sirikit and Phumiphon arrived, Siam rolled out the red carpet for them. Ambassadors in full dress waited under a marquee near the river landing. Patient, happy thousands of loyal subjects lined the avenue. Bunting fluttered, bands played, and the children practised waving the little Thai flags. Far down the river distant shouts echoed from the banks and from small floating houses, and rippled up toward the waiting dignitaries. Then the guns began to boom. The cruiser with His Majesty on board came around the bend and was warped into the landing. Down the gangway, across the float came the king to stand once more on Siamese soil.

Gone was the young law student in navy tweeds, the jazz composer and trumpet player. The king stood resplendent in a uniform of white and gold, wearing the rose sash of the Order of Chula Chom Klao, his hand resting easily on the hilt of his sword. As he walked slowly past the representatives of foreign powers, the royal umbrella-bearer followed him, shielding him from the sun with a huge red-and-gold ceremonial parasol.

Eagerly the nation awaited the royal wedding. Whenever Princess Sirikit drove through the city in her car, crowds lined the streets, cheering. Once, when Sirikit was going to a party, the King thought it would be fun to take a short cut to a spot he knew and wave at her from the crowd. He put her into her car, then quickly jumped into his. Alas! As he came out of a little lane into the main avenue, the crowds would not allow this young man in dark glasses at the wheel of a sports car to pass.

"Your big car will block our view!" they told him. So, unknown to his loyal subjects, the King of Siam sat forlornly in his car while the cheers broke out as Sirikit passed by.

Gifts for the royal couple poured in from other lands—handmade lace from the Philippines; jade and porcelain from China; and by air from the United States, a custom-built radio-phonograph from a musically minded President and his wife to a musically minded King and his Queen. Burma sent nine baskets of rubies with a card of felicitation on which the word Burma was pricked out in ninety-nine rubies and framed by fifty-four rubies and sapphires. There was also a silver basket for measuring the rubies, and the entire gift came in a silver casket.

The wedding took place on April 28, 1950. A Siamese wedding is simply a civil contract, but it is made gay and gracious by blessings in the form of water poured over the folded hands of the bride and groom by senior members of the royal family. The only person with rank high enough to pour lustral water on the King and his bride was His Majesty's grandmother, Queen Sawang Vadhana, at whose palace the wedding was held.

A thunderstorm had cleared the air, and guests assembled early. The bride arrived with her parents shortly after nine o'clock. As the car turned slowly into the drive a

gasp of admiration came from the crowd. The bride was slender and beautiful in a pash (skirt) of ivory-cream silk, heavily embroidered in gold. The bodice was the same shade, with sweetheart neckline and long sleeves. Across her left shoulder and fastened at the waist, she wore the rose sash of the Order of Chula Chom Klao, an honor which had been conferred upon her by the King two days before. She also wore a regal diamond necklace and earrings to match. The King was garbed in the full-dress uniform of the Most Illustrious Order of the Royal House of Chakri, and also wore a sash of the same order as his wife-to-be.

The young couple signed the register in the reception hall of the palace, and then went upstairs where the Queen Grandmother awaited them. After the Queen had anointed the pair, they presented offerings to her—flowers on top of candles and sandalwood sticks. The King's flowers were yellow jasmine; his bride's, white jasmine. The Queen Grandmother then gave them jeweled wedding gifts, family heirlooms from the fifth reign.

Later, the King conferred on Sirikit the insignia of the Order of the House of Chakri, the highest Thai decoration. At the large reception in the afternoon the Queen wore a gown of silver lace over blue as she sat for the first time on the throne of Siam. The royal couple spent their honeymoon at the palace of Klai Kangwon (Far From Care) at Hua Hin, a seaside resort on the Gulf of Siam, 135 miles south of Bangkok.

And now, at last came the coronation!

The tall young King was exceedingly handsome in his coronation robes of cloth-of-gold tissue and priceless brocades. As he raised the heavy gold crown with its jeweled spire and placed it on his head, the splendor around him was most imposing. A salute of a hundred guns was fired, and gongs were sounded in all the monasteries throughout the kingdom.

Under the nine-tiered canopy of state he received twenty-four other pieces of regalia, each symbolizing some phase of royal rule. He then mounted the high throne and appeared above the heads of his prostrate court.

Queen Sirikit was dressed in a traditional Siamese costume of jeweled brocade. A high tiara of gold studded with diamonds shone in her dark hair. She advanced and knelt at the King's feet. He poured lustral water on her head and anointed her forehead; then, over her head he slipped the sash of the Order of the Nine Gems and bestowed other insignia of queenly rank. The trumpets sounded and the royal scribe proclaimed Sirikit Queen Sirikit, Queen of Thailand.

Although she is still a teen-ager (she will not be twenty until next month), Sirikit's life has been as glamorous and extraordinary as a fairy tale. She is now the mother of a beautiful little girl, Princess Ubol Ratana, born to the royal couple in April, 1951, and proudly helps her husband in the difficult task of ruling a nation.

The wise woman's prophecy came true. The little girl who played hopscotch is now, indeed, a queen!

THE END

Books (Continued from page 3)

sophisticated playboy, Breck Carpenter, to make a dent in her preoccupation. It was also lucky for Miss Spaulding that along with the knowledge she acquired about fashion merchandising, she learned to make the right decision on love. Miss Nash, who knows high-fashion retailing—she has just been made a vice-president of Gunther-Jaekel, a well-known New York shop for women's fashions—has written an entertaining novel with an authentic background.

The Complete Book of Salads. Compiled by BEBE DANIELS and JILL ALLGOOD. Prentice-Hall, \$2.95. "To make a good salad," wrote Oscar Wilde, "is to be a brilliant diplomatist; the problem is entirely the same in both cases—to know exactly how much oil one must put with one's vinegar." This is only part of the salad story which American actress, singing and radio star, Bebe Daniels, and English radio writer and producer Jill Allgood, give you here. Dressings and salads of every sort and description for satisfying main-dish meals and to add zest and variety to dinner menus throughout the year are included in these favorite salads of English and American stars and personalities. Vivien Leigh, Laurence Olivier, Humphrey Bogart, Jimmy Durante, June Haver, Richard Widmark are a few of the many celebrities whose special recipes are featured. Contributors to the *Recipe Exchange* and Girl Scouts who are working in the homemaking field should find this book especially interesting and helpful.

A Cap for Corrine. By ZILLAH K. MACDONALD. Julian Messner, \$2.50. "This was the end. It was the end of three long, gruelling years." The graduating class of the big New York hospital, St. Agatha's, was holding its commencement and that is where this story of Corrine Fairchild, graduate nurse, begins. Corrine's mother, eager to replace her daughter's nurse uniforms by a wardrobe of ultrasmart clothes, wanted Corrine home to enjoy a round of social activities and to marry wealthy, socially prominent Heathby Grant. Corrine had known Heathby all her life; he could be very charming; life with him would be gay and luxurious, and sometimes Corrine was tempted. But Heathby had no more interest or sympathy with her work than her mother. Corrine's reaction during an explosion in which St. Agatha's "Plan for Disaster" was successfully put into action; her gradually deepening confidence in herself, when she was on her own on private duty with no smoothly functioning St. Agatha's behind her; her enjoyment of special duty at St. Agatha's and other hospitals; her interest in people and her very real desire to serve—all this made Corrine very sure at last of what she wanted. Besides Heathby and Corrine, there are many interesting characters—fellow nurses, patients, and a mysterious young doctor to whom Corrine is strongly attracted. Above the color and drama that is ordinary routine in hospital life, a mystery of the kind that must occasionally plague such institutions adds excitement and suspense.

THE END

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*Kitty Mason,
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had been stiff ever since it had been broken a year ago, and she made a poor showing compared to Lucretia's lithesome grace. Of course she could do the basic things, and she was short so she always made a good top man, but Lucretia was bound to be in the show and Kim wouldn't. There were a few "oh's" and "ah's" when Lucretia did a chest-roll, and the girls openly admired her when, breathlessly, she returned to her chair.

Miss Baker, tumbling instructor, who was also the physical education teacher, ran her fingers down the list of names she had written on a pad. The group around her waited, tense. This was *the* day, D-Day, and all the girls who had gone out for the tumbling team would know whether they had made it or failed.

Kim clenched her hands and prayed silently. The past two weeks of trying out hadn't been tiresome to her, but Lucretia had begrudged the time spent and complained freely to her friends.

"I don't think the *glory* of all this is worth the trouble," she had said one day after practise, and her friends, her ever-adoring friends, had agreed with her. Kim had said nothing, for she eagerly awaited tumbling practise after school. Acrobatics were in Kim's blood, and yet Lucretia would make the team.

Miss Baker's voice brought her back to the present.

"I'd like to see you do a back bend, Lucretia." Checking up, the last-minute checking up, before she announced the team.

Lucretia got up sulkily. Kim couldn't see her face from where she was sitting, but she knew Lucretia must have made a funny expression because her friends were giggling.

Lucretia went into her back bend with the fluid grace and precision that was typical of her. When she came up to a standing position she did a fancy little cartwheel. This, too, was typical.

Adding the frosting to the cake. Kim thought. The phrase jumped into her head and she smiled, for it so aptly described Lucretia.

When Lucretia had glided back to her seat, Miss Baker stood up to address them, to name the lucky seven.

Kim leaned back in the little iron chair, oblivious of the hopeful, upturned faces of the tumblers. Miss Baker's voice began its steady monotonous drone.

"As all of you know, it has long been a custom of our high school to select seven tumblers to represent our school in the State-wide exhibition. This year there were sixty of you trying out, and everyone of you is a good acrobat, but our team has to be better than that. They have to be girls who are not only good tumblers, but good *sports*."

Miss Baker's voice went up an octave or two as she said that, and Kim wondered how Miss Baker could ever think Lucretia was a good sport, as spoiled as she was.

"As I said before, you are all good tumblers and I've enjoyed practising with you these past two weeks." She drew her breath in sharply and glanced down at the list of names she held in her hand. The seven names out of the hopeless sixty that had been scratched out.

Kim looked at Lucretia. She didn't care if Lucretia saw her staring at her now. This was Lucretia's day of triumph. As small and as twisted as it was, it was her triumph, over a sister whom she had pushed down the stairs in a sudden fit of temper a year ago and whose arm she had broken. A sister who couldn't tumble as well as she.

Kim saw the greedy expectancy in her sister's face. Suddenly she knew that Miss Baker had seen the greediness there, too. It was there for everyone to see. Kim closed her eyes, her ears, too, to the names Miss Baker was reading, except to the last name on the list. It was her own, Kim Brown.

SHARON SWEET (age 14) St. Petersburg, Florida



On June 9, MISS DOROTHY C. STRATTON, National Executive Director of the Girl Scouts of the United States of America, received the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws from Smith College.

In conferring the degree, President Benjamin Fletcher Wright said, "Now National Executive Director of the Girl Scouts, Miss Stratton had previously served as high school teacher, as dean of women and professor of psychology at Purdue University, as Captain and Director of the SPARS, and as Director of Personnel of the International Monetary Fund. She is thus splendidly qualified by experience, as well as by ability, for the responsibilities and opportunities of her position as active head of one of the most constructive of organizations, one dedicated to helping girls cultivate those qualities—mental, social, and spiritual—which will enrich their own lives and further the welfare of the communities in which they live."

Summer Night

Nonfiction Award

I lay on my back in the deep, lush grass just outside the meadow fence and lazily thought of nothing in particular. There was a deliciously sweet, indescribable odor to the fresh, clear air, such as one finds only on a warm July evening in the country.

Suddenly the sun dipped behind the hill, and I sat up to watch the sunset. It was beautiful. Every tree and rock and bush on the horizon was outlined now in intricate, delicate silhouette against the rosy-golden glow of the sky. The bottoms of the soft little summer clouds were tinted a dainty rose, but the tops stayed as white against the

sky as snowdrops against the green of fresh spring grass. Where a moment before the sun had thrown a path of pure molten gold across the rippling surface of the river below, now each individual ripple reflected myriad tiny glowing lights from the golden rose of the sky. All the little evening sounds suddenly ceased. For a moment the world lay hushed, silent, as if awed by the splendor and beauty of the summer sunset.

I closed my eyes for a few moments, and when I opened them again the golden light had faded from the west. It was a very pale, delicate blue now, and the rest of the sky was a deep, dark blue. A distant planet gleamed out of the darkness with a dull, mysterious light. One solitary bat, messenger of night, swooped past on silent, furry wings. Slowly, soundlessly, almost imperceptibly, the soft black curtain of night was being lowered over the world. One, two, a hundred—a million little stars blinked down now out of the blue-black sky, like so many tiny black diamonds scattered on a piece of black velvet.

The squeaky, monotonous drone of the nightly cricket concert rose, fell, vibrated, on the warm, still air. All was quiet now, except for the crickets, for the other animals were asleep. The stars winked dreamily down at the quiet world below, slumbering peacefully under the thick, gentle coverlet of night. A soft breeze sloughed restlessly through the willows again, then was still, as if it, too, were exhausted. Yes, it was night now.

MILLICENT TOWER (age 17) Ashland, Oregon

Sometimes

Top Poetry Award

Sometimes I think I'm flying
Through a sky that isn't there;
Sometimes I find I'm walking,
But not going anywhere.

Sometimes I think I'm swimming
In a sea as green as grass;
Sometimes I see a monster
Who will not let me pass.

Sometimes I'm climbing ladders
That reach up through the sky;
And then I'm climbing down again,
I couldn't tell you why.

And sometimes, when I'm thinking,
I get so that I feel
As though the things I see and touch
Are not so very real.

Perhaps you'll think I'm rather queer,
But isn't everyone?
Each person has his special way.
And mine? Well, dreaming's fun!

CAROL MEACHAM (age 13) Summit, New Jersey

HONORABLE MENTION

ART: Doris Fraser (age 15) Farndale, N. Y.; Betsy Baker (age 12) Estes Park, Colo.

POETRY: Susan Arnold (age 11) Vienna, Va.; Mary Frances Devlin (age 14) Wichita, Kans.

FICTION: Virginia Langdon (age 14) La Junta, Colo.; Ruth Elcan (age 12) Schenectady, N. Y.

NONFICTION: Carol Stiefel (age 14) Litchfield, Ill.; Pat Berger (age 16) Chicago, Ill.; Harriet Hayward (age 15) Howell, Mich.; Diana Smith (age 13) Pasadena, Calif.; Shirley Anne Pruitt (age 15) Hickory, N. C.; Patricia Ann Koester (age 15) Kerkhoven, Minn.

A Different Kind of Courage

Fiction Award

Maybe she will, maybe she will. The thought kept running through his mind. If only she would; but then on the other hand, maybe she wouldn't. That would probably be the outcome, he thought, and this plunged him into despair. I've waited so long, maybe it's too late now. Oh, if it should be. After all, here it is the middle of the second semester, and I've never asked her once. She goes with some other boys, but I know she doesn't go steady. He had checked up on this fact before even daring to call her.

He wasn't really bad-looking; in fact, nearly everyone thought him rather handsome. A good-looking face, dark eyes, and dark, wavy hair gazed back at him as he glanced in the mirror. Not bad, he meditated.

But then a moment later the hopelessness of the whole thing came to him again. She'd never go with me, even if I am good-looking and have everything I want—almost everything, that is, except—he dismissed the hated thought.

Getting up his courage again he said, half aloud, to himself, "I could ask her though. The worst she could do would be to say 'no', and that way I'd be sure, anyhow. We might go to a movie. There's a good one on Friday or we could go to the concert or something like that. I wonder if she would mind so much if we didn't go dancing or skating."

He was sitting by the telephone, wistfully hoping that soon he'd build enough courage to give the operator the number.

He picked up the phone book and leafed through it idly. He knew the number; he had known it for a long time. He just wanted to make sure it hadn't been changed.

No, there it was, the same as before—Lake-wood 22, 503. He said it aloud and wondered that he had never noticed what a nice sound it had before.

He replaced the book and reached carefully for the telephone. Doubts filled his mind and for a moment he hesitated. Then he lifted the receiver and waited.

"Number, please?" The familiar query startled him.

"Lakewood 22, 503," his dry lips muttered mechanically.

Maybe she won't be home; perhaps she's visiting, he thought hopefully. But a moment later his hopes vanished, for from the other end of the line came a voice.

"Hello." It interrupted his thoughts and he tried vainly to think of what he had planned to say.

"Hello," he answered. "Is Jane there?" There was a brief pause at the other end of the line and then a different voice answered him.

"This is Jane."

"Jane," he paused, "this is Don."

"Yes?"

"I was wondering—that is—I a—would you like to go to the movies with me Friday night?" He blurted it out and then breathed a sigh of relief. Then he added, rather apologetically, "Dad would take us. I hope you wouldn't mind."

"Of course I wouldn't mind. I have nothing to do Friday, and I'd love to go with you. I'm sure we'll have a good time."

"I'll be there about eight," he told her and thought. What an angel!

"Okay, I'll be ready. 'By now. See you Friday."

"Good-by."

He replaced the receiver on the hook and sighed. "Well, that's that," he told himself.

"Now if only—" The wish went unsaid as he thought, be content. You can't have everything. The doctors had said there was a chance. Perhaps someday I can take her dancing, and with this thought in mind, Don turned his wheelchair toward the bedroom.

JANET FLEEGER (age 16)
Slippery Rock, Pennsylvania

The Family Hour

Nonfiction Award

My younger brother, Eugene, and I have just finished cleaning up after supper. Daddy is engrossed in a novel and Mother in the evening newspaper. We stroll into the living room with the suggestion, "How about a game of Hearts or something?"

Daddy's response, "All right," is brief but the tone implies, "Anything to oblige you, and in this case I'm especially interested."

It is harder to get a reply from Mother, but she finally says, "Okay, though I'd rather play Shoot the Moon." This seems to be Daddy's preference also, so I go to my room for the dominoes.

Soon we are settled in our accustomed places—Mother and Dad opposite each other in their favorite chairs; Eugene and I completing the foursome on the floor. Our cat, Scamper, meanders in and lies down beside us. Now everyone is in his place in the family circle. Then Mother decides she wants the spice drops, Daddy would like some chocolate kisses, and Eugene and I desire apples. I return from the kitchen with our snacks to find the dominoes already dealt. Soon the game commences. The silence is often broken with such comments as:

"Of all the luck—!"

"Whoever's holding that domino back, it's not fair."

"Eugene, I can see your dominoes."

"You lucky duck, I wish I could have that kind of luck!"

After a while someone wins and the game breaks up. Mother and Dad resume their reading. Eugene and I do the same or go to bed, depending on the time.

Such scenes are common around my house, and I look eagerly forward to them. Winner, loser, or just in-between, I am happy and content at the close of the game because I have spent a relaxed, enjoyable hour with those I love the most—my family.

HARRIET BLUM (age 13) Fort Worth, Texas

Unwanted Experience

Nonfiction Award

Almost three years ago it was vacation time in Kentucky where I (Vivien Mangan) rode bicycles with my cousins, fed the pet rabbits, picnicked, and roller-skated.

Now my picnic is brought to me on a tray; instead of bike riding there was a singing contest with my roommates in the hospital; in place of feeding my pets I'm learning how to type; and I now am weaving pot holders instead of roller-skating.

The difference is polio.

It was just like a new life—spending two and a half years in a hospital, one month of it in an iron lung. After I didn't have to depend on the respirator to breathe for me, I was transferred a distance of five hundred miles to our home-town hospital so I could be near my family.

Twice a day a lady in a bright-yellow dress would come and take me down to Physiotherapy where I had treatments such as hot packs, and exercises in and out of warm water

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to help loosen the stiff muscles in my arms and legs. The greatest thrill came the day I first started walking with the aid of a brace on my right leg, a body cast, and an arm cast. I'm hoping that sometime really soon I can do without them.

The hospital kept me quite occupied with a movie projector for patients that were flat on their backs, craft work, library books, club meetings, television every other night, and movies once a week.

Soon as nice warm weather came along, the nurses would take us outside in the courtyard where we sat in our wheelchairs and watched the fish swim around in the pond. In the room with me were three other girls about the same age as myself. Two of the three girls were in casts from behind their necks down to their knees. They were called "Turtles." We had a little club of our own, and our private world became as exclusive as a girls' dormitory.

Finally one of the happiest days in my whole life came. I went home! Being so used to the hospital routine, I missed the hospital quite a bit at first, but now I'm so happy at home. I'm kept busy through the long months with a daily visit with a visiting nurse and my teacher who keeps me up with my school studies, in hopes I will take my place back in the world again.

As the long days drag on and on, I keep right at it, trying to win my big fight against my most "Unwanted Experience."

VIVIEN MANGAN (age 15) Rochester, New York

The Last Hour

Fiction Award

You are Stanley Jacobsen—no longer safe—a member of an African safari to collect material for the museum. You've had trouble. Your head throbs with the beat of drums. The wild rhythm beats on and on. Over and over again, repeating the chant of death and torture to the white man. You open your canteen—not much left, is there? Only enough time for the head-hunters to catch up with you, isn't there? Then they can tie you to a stake, maybe slit your throat with one of those big bowie knives. But no, such a quick death would not be fitting for one so long hunted.

You stagger onward through the underbush; you are in wild country, savagely wild. Danger threatens your every step, the heat is awful, the blazing tropical sun shows you no mercy, sweat pours from your body. Hot—terribly hot. The heat is penetrating deep into your flesh. Suddenly you stumble and fall to the ground. From your back protrudes an arrow, broken off, only the head left. This is embedded in your back to add to the torture—driving you out of your mind. With each beat of your heart the agony increases. The stinging poison is beginning to work. Your shirt is soaked with blood, and it's a gruesome sight, isn't it? Across your shirt, already wet with sweat, the blood spreads freely, like a drop of water-color paint on a damp piece of cloth.

Your face is drawn and white, your lips curl in a tortured smile of agony. You must go on, but things are getting pretty hazy. Funny, isn't it, your running away from the savages, for you know they'll catch you anyway. Might as well give up. But still you must go on. Maybe there would be some chance of escape. Your throat cries for water, water, cool and refreshing, life-giving water. You lift your canteen and as the liquid flows down your throat, your vision clears slightly. The only thought in your mind is more water, for water is the one way you may find momentary

relief from the pain and suffering of the steaming jungle.

Suddenly, before you realize it, the last drop of water is emptied into your mouth—the last drop. From now on you must survive without it. You did not really mean to use it all. You didn't really, but you did. The true facts stare you cruelly in the face. The water is gone, none of it left; it is all gone. The jungle heat suddenly comes back to you, and the pain in your back seems more unbearable. The noises of the jungle seem louder and more mocking than ever. A crazy feeling comes over you. The drums are beating louder now. You fight for steadiness. Your arm grasps a nearby limb of a tree. Unconsciousness is the one thing you fear most, for it would give the enemy time to capture, time to kill. You sway back and forth, not wanting to, but knowing

Rules for BY YOU Entries

HAVE YOU SENT an entry yet for your own Contributors' Department?

Readers under eighteen years of age may send contributions to this department. Only original material, never before published anywhere, should be submitted.

"Original" means that in all contributions the idea, and the drawing or words which express that idea, must be entirely the sender's. Contributions must not be copied in any way from the work of another person.

Short Stories: Any subject that will appeal to teen-agers. Not over 800 words.

Poems: Any subject—two to twenty-five lines.

Nonfiction: Description, biographical or human-interest sketch, episode from real life. Not over 400 words. Suggested for November, 1952—"Reading Is Fun".

Drawings: Any subject. Black-and-white only, on stiff drawing paper or poster board; may be done in pencil, black writing ink, India ink, charcoal, tempera, or wash. Not smaller than 5"x7". **WARNING:** Wrap carefully!

Photographs: Any subject. Black and white only. No smaller than 2 1/4" by 2 1/4". Wrap carefully, as damaged photographs will not be considered.

RULES

1. Entries for the November 1952, issue must be mailed on or before August 1, 1952. Entries will be considered only for the one issue of the magazine for which they are submitted.

2. On the upper half of the first page of all manuscripts—or on a sheet attached to drawings and photographs—there must be written:

The name, address, and age of sender.

Her troop number if she is a Girl Scout.

The number of words in the piece submitted.

The following endorsement, signed by parent, teacher, or guardian:

"I have seen this contribution and am convinced that it is the original idea and work of the sender."

3. Manuscripts must be typewritten or neatly written in ink, on one side of the paper only.

4. Ages of the contributors will be considered in judging, and the decision of the judges is final. A contributor may send only one entry a month—not one of each kind, but only one.

5. All manuscripts, drawings, and photographs submitted become the property of THE AMERICAN GIRL Magazine and cannot be acknowledged or returned. THE AMERICAN GIRL reserves the right to cut and edit manuscripts when necessary.

AWARDS

First awards, \$10; all others, \$5. Each month a list of Honorable Mention contributions is printed. No awards are made for these.

Send entries to: "By You" Dept. Editor

The American Girl Magazine

155 East 44th St., New York 17, N.Y.

that you must go on. Your mind grows dizzy as you almost crawl through the jungle. You are desperately fighting for consciousness.

So hot it is—hot and humid—the ground rolls before you. Your head reels. You've got to escape. Now you are pushing blindly through the tangled swampland. The arrowhead in your back seems hot and burning—such torture. You are mad with fever brought on by the poison. You hear voices. Are they really voices? With great effort you lift your head to the sky. Smoke! But no, you tell yourself, I'm crazy, it can't be. The head-hunters, you remind your leaping heart, I've got to get away. With terrific desperation you fight on. The ground is falling about you. Heavy darkness is closing in. You stumble into a clearing where you slump to the ground.

Two men sit there eating their midday meal, their camp close by. They are startled by the fallen man's appearance. But both get up quickly to go to him, and one speaks. "It's lucky I'm a doctor."

GAY T. GARDINER (age 11) Altadena, California

Skip To My Lou

Fiction Award

Choose your partner, skip to my Lou,

Choose your partner, skip to my Lou . . .

In and out—laughing, flushed face, sparkling eyes. Don't let them know. Smile at Dave—squeeze Pete's hand. Be happy, gay. They mustn't know how you feel. It's not your fault, it isn't! You didn't think of it, Myra did. Myra, trying so hard to please but always doing the wrong thing . . .

Flies in the buttermilk, shoo fly, shoo,

Flies in the buttermilk, shoo fly, shoo . . .

In and out, don't stop smiling. They think your eyes are bright because you're happy. They mustn't know. Myra planned the square dance to make you more popular. Everyone knows. She wants so much for you to be a success. She tries so hard! Why can't mothers just let you do it yourself? Why? Sarah did it at sixteen; why can't you? But you're different. You just like to be alone, not in a social whirl like Sarah.

Oh, well, it's almost over. Only one more round, then you can go to bed and cry as you've been doing for years. Sarah, a year older, always outshone you . . .

Choose your partner, skip to my Lou . . .

In and out. Will it never end? There, it's over. Good-by, Pete. Nice seeing you, Dave, Marge, Judy, Bill. There, they've gone. Now you can go up and cry while Sarah sets her hair and hums. Good night, Myra, thanks. I had a wonderful time. Thanks.

At last, now you can cry. No one will hear you now.

Choose your partner . . . skip to my Lou . . .

JULIE MARKHAM (age 14)

East Orange, New Jersey

Dishes

Poetry Award

Dishes, dishes, and dishes galore,

We have so many, I can't keep score.

It's dishes three times every day,

Why, with these dishes, I never can play.

I'd scrub the chairs, and make my bed,

And scrub the floor till my hands were red,

If only I could have my wish,

I'd never wash another dish!

GLADYS ROUSE (age 11) Clarence, Iowa

Jokes

ADVANCE, FRIEND!

SEAMAN: And then I saw a torpedo coming straight for us!

OLD LADY: Dear me, I hope it was one of ours!

Sent by ANN SILLICH, Rochester, N. Y.

SUPER SERVICE

SIGN in an optometrist's window:
EYES EXAMINED WHILE YOU WAIT

Sent by KAREN TIEDY, Canonsburg, Pennsylvania

"INTO THE WILD BLUE YONDER"

BETTY: Why do dollars have eagles on them?

DAD: They are symbolic of swift flight!

Sent by LINDA WINSLOW, Barnston, Nebraska

LOGICAL REASONING

A bride was ordering her first ton of coal.

"What kind do you want?" asked the dealer. "We have egg coal, and chestnut coal."

"I think I'd better take egg," replied the bride. "I'll be cooking eggs oftener than I will chestnuts."

Sent by KATHARINE MITCHELL, Lemont, Pennsylvania

APPROPRIATE

JEANNE: I want to buy a pencil, please.

CLERK: Hard or soft lead?

JEANNE: Hard. It's for a stiff exam.

Sent by SHERY DAVIS, West Glacier, Montana

IN A CLASS BY HIMSELF

MRS. WHITE: Does your Bobby find his arithmetic problems difficult?

MRS. JAY: Oh, no! He says they're easy, but his teacher is always complaining that his answers are too original.

Sent by ANN ROGERS, Tracy, Minnesota

SIMPLE FINANCE

JOAN: We're economizing at our house, so we have hamburgers for Sunday dinner. It only costs a dollar for three of us.

JOE: That's nothing! Our Sunday dinner only costs sixty cents for six of us.

JOAN: How on earth do you do it?

JOE: We take the bus out to my grandma's.

Sent by PAMELA GARR, Claremont, California

RISE, BROTHER, RISE!

TEACHER: If you want to be a success, you must be willing to start from the bottom.

JOHNNY: But suppose you want to be a swimmer?

Sent by MARY ANN JAMES, Canton, Ohio

SMALLER EDITION

Little Alice was allowed to sit in her mother's place at the dinner table one evening when her mother was absent. Her slightly older brother, resenting the arrangement, sneered, "So you're the mother tonight. All right, how much is two times seven?"

Without a moment's hesitation Alice replied nonchalantly, "I'm busy. Ask your father."

Sent by TERILEE SMALLWOOD, Whittier, California

POOR PIGGEE!

TILDA: Why is the pig the most unusual animal in the world?

JANE: I don't know. Why?

TILDA: Because first you kill him and then you cure him.

Sent by BARBARA THOMPSON, Winchester, Massachusetts

FOOD FOR THE GODS

FIRST PATROL LEADER: Does your unit have a good cook?

SECOND PATROL LEADER: Good? She treats us like ancient gods—gives us burnt offerings three times a day.

Sent by BARBARA ANN WARGA, Dearborn, Michigan

The American Girl will pay \$1.00 for every joke printed on this page. Send your best jokes to THE AMERICAN GIRL, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, New York. Be sure to include your name, address, and age, and write in ink or on the typewriter.



"—Oh—hello, Mary Lou. No—no, I wasn't busy. I—was just—just starting to shave—"

LOOK!
It's Easy
And Pleasant
To Earn

Your
Own
**Spending
Money!**

Sell

Friendship Christmas Cards

Now! Make extra spending money in your spare time. Make friends, too. It's easy, with Friendship Christmas Cards. Gorgeous new creations are smartly designed and priced low for instant appeal. People buy on sight. Your cash profits—up to 100% on every sale—soon add up to hundreds of dollars!

Big Line of Self-Selling Money-Makers

You need no experience to sell our EMBOSSED Christmas Cards low as \$1 per box with NAME IMPRINTED. New 21-card Christmas Assortments at just \$1 are whirlwind sellers that pay you \$50 on 100 boxes! Glamorous Gift Wraps, Religious, Humorous Assortments, All-Occasion Boxes, Imprinted Stationery, Foil Matches, 35 others.

Send No Money . . . Get Free Imprint Samples!

Send today for FREE Samples of Name-Imprinted Christmas Cards and Assortments on approval. Make big money for yourself or your group. Make this the happiest Christmas of your life with money earned this easy, dignified way. Mail coupon for samples TODAY!

FRIENDSHIP STUDIOS, INC.

100 Adams St., Elmira, N. Y.

Coupon Brings You Samples—MAIL NOW!

FRIENDSHIP STUDIOS, INC.
100 Adams Street, Elmira, New York
Please send the Friendship Earning Plan. FREE
Samples of Imprinted Christmas Cards and
Assortments on APPROVAL.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____
☐ Check box if for an organization.





"Who'd believe I was ever
embarrassed by PIMPLES!"



Amazing New Medication

'STARVES' PIMPLES

Skin-Colored
HIDES PIMPLES WHILE IT WORKS

Doctors Amazed At Results

Now released to druggists—the sensational, scientific, skin-colored medication *especially* for pimples. In skin specialists' tests on 200 patients, CLEARASIL brought amazing relief to 8 out of every 10. CLEARASIL is greaseless and *fast-drying* in contact with pimples. Actually starves pimples because it helps remove the oils* that pimples "feed" on.

CLEARASIL ends embarrassment—gives new confidence immediately because its skin-color hides pimples amazingly while it helps dry them up. Greaseless, stainless—pleasant to leave on day and night for uninterrupted

medication. Thousands of grateful users (adults as well as teen-agers) have found that CLEARASIL is *one* medication that really worked for them. So even if other treatment has failed, you owe it to yourself to try CLEARASIL. Get CLEARASIL today.

GUARANTEED! CLEARASIL must amaze you the first time you use it—or your money back. Return tube to address below.

ONLY
59¢



Economy
Size
98¢
At Your
Druggist

Above photograph shows how CLEARASIL hides pimples. *Over-activity of certain oil glands is recognized by authorities as a major factor in acne.
©1962 Easton, Inc., New York 17, N.Y.

**YOU TOO CAN
MAKE \$50
IN YOUR SPARE TIME**

Look what's here!
FREE
IMPRINT
SAMPLES

Sell your friends and fellow workers
WELCOME CHRISTMAS CARDS, 21
for \$1 and 50 for \$1.25 with name
on. Your profit to 100%. Write for
selling plan and samples on ap-
proval NOW. Cost nothing to try.
Other money makers.

WELCOME CARD CO.
368 Pine St. Dept. 1 Newark, N. J.

JUST OUT! NEW THRILLING SENSATION IN
CHRISTMAS CARDS

Lustre Foils • Satins • Brilliants
Amazing values bring you easy or-
ders! Earn Extra Dollars FAST. Big
Line. Christmas Cards with Name
50 for \$1.25 up. New Glo-In-The-Dark
Tree Ornaments, Imprinted Matches,
Stationery, 30 FREE Samples with
Name. Several \$1 Boxes on Approval.
JOY GREETINGS, Dept. 1-A
507 N. CARDINAL, ST. LOUIS 3, MO.

HERE'S MONEY!
BIG PROFITS SELLING AMERICA'S
FINEST GREETING CARDS. Four beau-
tiful assortments 21 cards for \$1.00.
Novelty cards. Name Imprinted cards.
Stationery, Matches, Napkins. Unusual
gift items. Over 100 fast sellers. No
experience needed. Write to SENKAS COMPANY,
129 North Warren St., Syracuse, N. Y.

FREE
SAMPLES
Imprinted
Cards
STATIONERY
NAPKINS, ETC.

"HOW to Recognize Rare Stamps"
GIVEN—Book containing nearly 200 illus-
trations PLUS information that every collector
should have!

KENMORE, Milford H-71, N. H.

GIVEN! "THE STAMP FINDER"
Tells at a glance the country to
which any stamp belongs. 32-pages illustrated. Includes
valuable "Stamp Collector's Dictionary." "Stamp Treas-
ures and World's Ten Rarest Stamps." Also Approvals.
GARCELON STAMP CO., Box 1107, Calais, Me.

GIVEN! Powerful Magnifying Glass
and Big Bargain Lists
to new customers for
5¢ postage and handling.
Jamestown Stamp Co., Dept. 212, Jamestown, N. Y.

300 STAMPS 10¢
FOR ONLY

THIS MAMMOTH VALUE INCLUDES STAMPS WORTH
UP TO 25¢! ALSO APPROVALS. WRITE TODAY!

MYSTIC STAMP CO. Camden 70, New York

**WOW! 203 All Different
GERMANY 10¢**
Zepplins, Semipostals,
Airmails, High Values,
etc., to new customers.

Jamestown Stamp Co., Dept. 522, Jamestown, N. Y.

307 ALL DIFFERENT 15¢
A beautiful collection of commemoratives,
triangles, high values, bi-colored stamps,
etc. Only 15¢.

GARCELON STAMP CO. Box 407, Calais, Maine

200 BRITISH EMPIRE STAMPS ONLY 10¢!
Norfolk, Tokelau Is., Gramland, Pakistan.
Nepal, big stamp of murdered Mahatma
Gandhi, many others.

KENMORE, Milford A-71, N. H.

CANADIAN COLLECTION GIVEN
Includes early Victorian Issues—Jubilee Is-
sues—High Values—Commemoratives—Spe-
cial Issues—Newfoundland and many Pictorials, etc., etc.
together with large Philatelic Magazine—all GIVEN! Send
5¢ for postage. EMPIRE STAMP CO., Dept. AB, Toronto,
Canada.

STAR
Given! Scott's International Stamp Album
plus valuable, colorful collection, hinges,
mystery sets, \$5.00 Presidential. Full
particulars to approval applicants. 3¢ Post-
age, please.

RAYMAX, 68-G Nassau St., New York 38, N. Y.

200 Different Stamps 5¢
including F.D.R. TRIANGLE
and 5¢ to 10¢ Commemorative
STAMPS
GARCELON STAMP CO. Box 1107, Calais, Me.

What Are "Approvals"?
"Approvals," or "approval sheets," mean sheets with
stamps attached which are made up and sent out by deal-
ers. The only obligation on the part of the recipient of
"Approvals" is that the stamps must be returned promptly
and in good condition, or paid for.
The price of each stamp is on the sheet and the collector
should detach those which he wishes to buy, then return
the sheet with the remaining stamps in as good order as
when received, enclosing the price of the stamps he has
detached and, most important, his name, street, address,
City, postal zone number, State, and the invoice number.

WHERE TO BUY THE AMERICAN GIRL FASHIONS

ON PAGES 24 AND 25

DRESS BY YOUNG SOPHISTICATES

Brooklyn, N. Y. Martin's
Detroit, Mich. Crowley's
Garden City, N. Y. Martin's
Hartford, Conn. G. Fox & Co.
Newark, N. J. Kresge's
New York, N. Y. Lord & Taylor's
Pittsburgh, Pa. Kaufmann's

SEMITEEN'S DRESS

Baltimore, Md. O'Neill's
Boston, Mass. Filene's
Cleveland, Ohio Wm. Taylor Son & Co.
Columbus, Ohio Moorehouse-Fashions
Jamaica, N. Y. B. Gertz
Los Angeles, Calif.

The Broadway Southern California

New York, N. Y. Stern Bros.
Philadelphia, Pa. Gimbel Bros.
Rochester, N. Y. McCurdy & Co.
St. Paul, Minn. The Emporium
Scranton, Pa. The Globe
Syracuse, N. Y. Day Bros.
Washington, D. C. The Hecht Co.

BOBBY TEEN DRESS

Chicago, Ill. Wieboldt's Stores, Inc.
New York, N. Y. Stern Bros.
Philadelphia, Pa. Lit Brothers
Washington, D. C. The Hecht Co.

DRESS BY SANDRA LEE

Cincinnati, Ohio The H. & S. Pogue Co.
Cleveland, Ohio The Halle Bros. Co.
Hartford, Conn. G. Fox & Co.
Newark, N. J. L. Bamberger & Co.
New York, N. Y. Bloomingdale's
Portland, Ore. Meier & Frank

DELL TWEEN DRESS

Atlanta, Ga. Davison-Paxon Co.
Boston, Mass. Filene's
Chicago, Ill. Lytton's
Cincinnati, Ohio The John Shillito Co.
Cleveland, Ohio The Halle Bros. Co.
Jamaica, N. Y. B. Gertz
Detroit, Mich. Hudson's
Minneapolis, Minn. The Dayton Co.
New York, N. Y. Gimbel Bros.
Philadelphia, Pa. John Wanamaker
Richmond, Va. Miller & Rhoades

ANSWER TO THE PUZZLE
ON PAGE 42

F	E	T	E	S	C	A	N	S	P	A	R	S
A	X	I	S	T	A	L	E	E	L	B	O	W
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M	I	T	E	R	A	R	I	A	E	V	E	R
T	E	R	S	E	B	E	A	N	R	E	E	F

We deeply regret that we neglected to
credit properly our lovely June Cover.
It was prepared by KOHN-SCHNEIDER.



"Sure feels good
to have money
of your own!"

You, Too, Can Make Extra Money
with **ARTISTIC CHRISTMAS CARDS!**

Extra money of your own buys new clothes, Christmas gifts, Defense Bonds—almost anything you could think of or want! You can very quickly and easily make the money you need. It's fun! *Thousands of girls like you have done it the easy Artistic way!* You make up to 100% cash profit selling America's most beautiful Christmas Cards in spare time. You need no experience. Just call on folks you know.

READ WHAT OTHERS SAY

J.H.W., Alabama: "I have frequently made \$25 and \$30 in one day and made many friends."
L.M., Illinois: "I have sold several boxes to each person I have called on."
A.B., Ohio: "In a very short time, sold over \$350 worth of cards without scarcely any effort."

Artistic Card Co., Inc.
900 Way Street, Elmira, New York

Brand new Assortment of 21 large, lovely Christmas Cards sells itself at only \$1. Make \$50 on just 100 boxes. Personalized Christmas Cards low as \$1 per box, Humorous Cards, Gift Wrappings, Winter White, Hi-Style, Personalized Stationery, others. **ACT NOW!**

**MAKE MONEY FOR YOUR
CLUB OR GROUP**

Easy to make hundreds of dollars with the proven Artistic plan. Just check coupon when you send for your samples.

**SEND NO MONEY
MAIL COUPON FOR
SAMPLES NOW!**

No experience needed. Start earning at once with Assortments on approval and Personalized Samples **FREE**. Mail Coupon **AT ONCE!**

**GOLDEN CHIMES
Christmas Asst.**

21 Cards \$1



**EMBOSSED
NAME-IMPRINTED
Christmas Cards
\$1 Per Box**

ARTISTIC CARD CO., INC.
900 Way St., Elmira, New York

YES! Please send full facts on your earning plan. Include Assortments **ON APPROVAL** and **FREE** Personalized Samples.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

☐ Check here if for an organization.

IF CANDY WERE GRADED LIKE CANNED FRUITS

Baby Ruth would be designated

★ **FANCY**

(TOP GRADE)



Also in **BIG GENEROUS**
10¢ Size

- ★ **FANCY** for Quality Excellence
- ★ **FANCY** for Delicious Food-Energy
- ★ **FANCY** for Good Eating Anytime
- ★ **FANCY** for Satisfying Enjoyment



"If you weigh about 150 lbs., you can run around the bases almost 29 times on the food-energy contained in one 10¢ bar of Baby Ruth."

Always Ask For

CURTISS

Fine  Candies

by the makers of Butterfinger, Coconut Grove, Dip candy bars, Fruit Drops, Mints and Gum

you
at 29
ained
uth".

um